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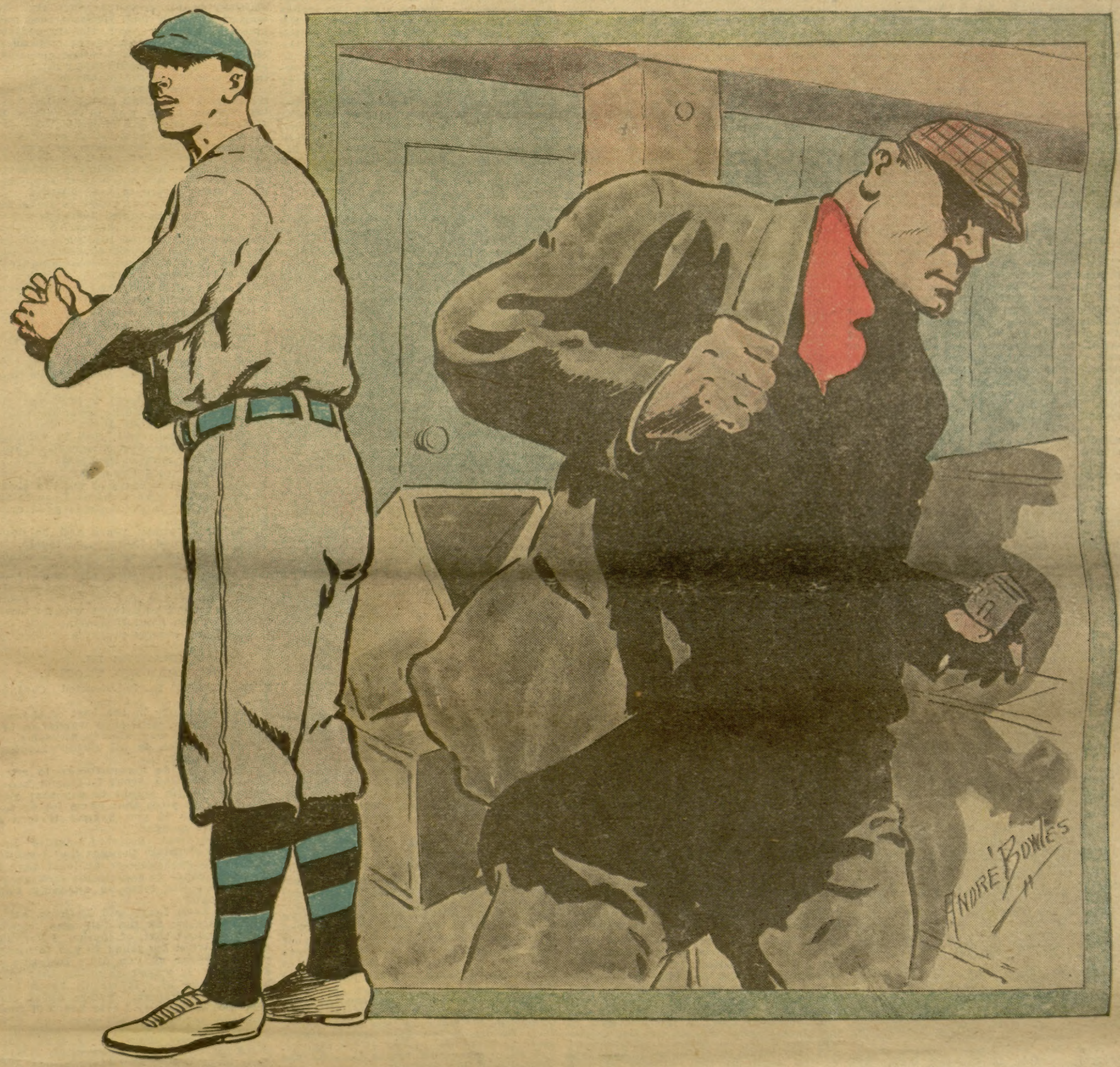

A Baseball Detective

-:- Or, -:-

The Diamond Trophy

By Lloyd Thacher

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CHAPTER I.

THE GRIP OF STEEL.

THE tall man swayed back and forth! Three determined-looking individuals faced him in the small room beneath the sidewalk of a busy thorofare in a great city. The shortest of the three, whose abnormally long arms and small head, set on a bull neck above broad shoulders, gave him the appearance of some animal rather than a man, spoke sharply.

"So, Les Pighead, you're about ready to cash in your chips and admit that you're whipped, eh?" he asked.

The tall man, his eyes half closed, barely whispered his reply.

"It doesn't matter much what I say, I guess," he breathed. "I might stand here and try to bluff, I suppose, but you'd see thru it—and really, I don't care much what happens now."

The man with the long arms could not help showing his satisfaction, and the grin that came to his face did not make it look any more human.

"And they call you an 'iron man'!" he sneered.

"But really," returned the tall man, whom the other had addressed as "Les Pighead," speaking with apparent difficulty, but with the attempt at a brave smile on his tired face, "really I wish you would not call me 'Pighead.' The name offends my sense of dignity."

"Ho, ho!" roared all three of the evident victors in some sort of a contest. "So you're the same stuck-up cuss you used to be when you had the upper hand of us," added the animal-looking person. "As sure as my name is Grafton, I'll see you where you'll forget all that stuff."

Grafton, apparently the leader of the disagreeable but satisfied trio, turned to the other two. "You, Brag," he said to the first, "beat it up to see the Boss, and tell him how things are here. And don't

be afraid to let him know the hard time we've had to get Les—the celebrated Les Lang," he interpolated, making an elaborate bow toward the tall man, "in this condition. We might just as well get all the credit we deserve for doing what the Boss has wanted to see done for years. And be sure and say, from me, that Black Grafton sends him word, with his compliments, that Mr. Lang will never trouble him or his work any more."

Again came that evil smile of self-satisfaction as Brag turned and disappeared thru the small door in the corner of the room.

"And you, Mike," continued Grafton, "go and see the Bossess. You notice that I give you that pleasure as you are the handsomest of us."

Mike's face, red at all times, became redder still in the blush that came to it in spite of the evident sarcasm of the remark. "You tell her," Grafton went on, "that I felt sorry for Les, here, because he was so sick and weak, and that I stayed to nurse and take care of him myself, during his last few hours on earth—and be sure that you tell her these are his last few hours. Tho she has never seen him, she'll be glad to hear that news."

For just a moment Grafton looked at the tall man. His condition seemed to be getting worse every minute, and as Grafton watched Les swayed and almost fell, but caught himself. He was plainly ashamed and humiliated at the weakness that held him, which he was not able to cover up.

Slowly the small head of Grafton nodded.

"I'll always be sorry," he half-mused, "that I didn't have another chance to fight him when he was 'right.' That last time I—I got the worst of it with him I wasn't feeling very well myself. And look at him now. He won't ever be himself again. I've always thought, Mike," he went on seriously, "that I could do him up the best day he ever saw. But another day like that will never come for him. A kid could lick him now." Again he gazed at the apparent ruin of a powerful man before him. Then he caught himself up suddenly and went on in his order to Mike.

"Go to the Bossess and give her the word that everything is lovely," he concluded.

"But, Graft," returned Mike, "who's going to guard the big feller?"

"Les, here?" laughed Grafton.

"Sure."

"Who do you suppose?" asked Grafton, scornfully. "Ain't I here?"

"But you know," cautioned Mike, "that the Boss told us months ago that, if we ever got him where we wanted him, never to leave him without having at least two men on guard."

"The Boss was talking about Les Lang, the most powerful fellow in his business," corrected Grafton, loftily. "He wasn't talking about the shell of Les Lang."

"And remember," added Mike, casting a doubting glance at the tall man, "that there's no one in the place here except us. If he ever got away from you he'd have clear sailing out to the street. And once he got on the street you know what chance we'd have to get him again."

Black Grafton looked at Mike from head to foot, then spoke slowly.

"The Boss is my boss, isn't he?" he asked.

"You've said somethin,'" replied Mike.

"And I'm your boss, ain't I?" continued the other.

"Sure."

"Then when I tell you to let me take care of this man—that I can handle him with one hand in the condition he is now—you believe it, see? You dig up there and see the Bossess, and tell her, if you want to——" the short, powerful fellow puffed out his chest a trifle as he took a step in the direction of Mike—" you tell her if you want to that I—Black Grafton—stayed with this man to put the final touches on his career. Now beat it."

With a parting glance at the tall man, and with a look of almost fear on his face, Mike followed Brag's example and passed from the room. The fear of his expression was tinged with something of resentment at the insulting manner in which Grafton had spoken.

"Now, Mr. Les Lang," smiled Black Grafton, turning to the tall man, "are there any last requests that you would like to make before—hem!—before the curtain falls on a life that is nearly ended?"

"Yes," murmured Les, "I'd like to sit down. There are no chairs in this pretty little apartment, I've noticed."

"There's the floor," grinned Grafton.

"Thanks," whispered Lang, as he fairly sank to the carpet, his broad back against the wall. "And," he went on, "there's something else."

"I thought you'd lost interest in things," sneered Black Grafton.

"But this thing has bothered me ever since I knew of you, and more since I've seen you. I've heard so much about how you did it, and I have always wondered."

"Shoot—what is it?" from Grafton.

The tall man's eyes were closed, and his words came faint, but he went on.

"They say that you have broken many men's arms with that overhand grip of yours. Would you—would you show me how you do it—it must be wonderful."

"Sure as you're alive!" cried Black. "And you won't be alive many minutes now," he added, pleased at his quick repartee. "Sure I'll show you."

"But," exclaimed Lang, opening his eyes and looking up with near-fear expressed on his face, "but don't break my arms. You couldn't do it, I don't believe if I were myself, but you might be able to do it now. Please don't try, will you? If I've got to cash in I don't see any need of suffering from two broken arms while I'm going—taking the trip to the place that comes after this world."

Black Grafton's horrible face lighted up. Evidently Les Lang had put in his mind the thought of one final torture on this man whom he evidently hated and had hated for a long time.

"Oh no," he muttered, "I wouldn't do anything like that! I'm too kind-hearted. Come here."

The tall man struggled to his feet and started to cross the room in obedience to the other's command.

"Hold on," exclaimed Black; "you'd better sit down there again. You're taller than I am by about a foot, and it ain't easy to do the trick on a man that stands above you like you do."

"Oh," replied Lang, "I see. You have to have things fixed just right before you can do it, do you?"

There was the suggestion of a sneer in his voice as he spoke, again closing his eyes with a return of the weakness that had been evident.

From the throat of the powerful Black Grafton there came a mighty oath.

"No," he shrieked, "I don't have to have everything fixed! I could break both your arms any day, and by —— I'll do it just for that."

He darted close to the tall man and grasped his wrists, raising his hands so that Lang's palms were toward him. Then he placed his own hands, palms against the palms of Les' hands, so that his own fingers interlocked with those of the others.

"Now, you ——" he yelled. Then——

Snap! Snap!

In the stillness that followed the shout of the powerful Black Grafton, there burst out two short, sharp sounds—cracks—as tho dry branches of a dead tree had broken beneath a covering of damp moss. And, following immediately, came another shout—this time of terrible pain, husked by consternation.

Les Lang, tall and commanding, showing now no sign of the weakness that had enveloped him for so many minutes, towered above the criminal Black Grafton, and the cry of excruciating pain had come from the latter—now on his knees—now prostrate and writhing in agony on the worn carpet of the floor.

"I see the thing can be done," said Les Lang, quietly.

"My arms—my arms!" cried Grafton, and then a string of oaths. "My arms—they're broke!"

"It was the only way," returned Lang. "I am sorry that I had to let Mike and Brag get away temporarily, but I believe that there will be a quick end to their freedom, tho it may seem wiser to let them stay at large until we have evidence against the Boss and his handsome wife, known to you as the Bossess. And now, Mr. Grafton, you will come with me. I have tried that grip of yours, myself."

Les Lang had beaten the man at his own game. When Grafton had tried to break the tall man's arms, thinking the latter's weakness was real and not simulated, as it really was, Lang had used his powerful arm muscles to snap the wrists of the man whose hands he clasped. And now Black Grafton was helpless before him. With no fear of trouble from the man, he passed from the room at the heels of the criminal.

CHAPTER II.

A BASEBALL MANAGER'S TROUBLES.

IT WAS the sixth game of the great world's series to decide the baseball championship of the globe! The Gray Colts had won three games, and their opponents, the Kilties, two. The excitement was intense, not only in the city where the game was being played, but thru the whole country!

And that intensity of excitement was very poignant now, in the last half of the ninth inning. Should the Gray Colts win this game, the series would be over, and they would be proclaimed champions of the earth at the national pastime. Should the Kilties come out victors in this contest, one more game would be necessary to determine the supremacy. And it looked, at this stage of the game, as tho the Gray Colts had an excellent chance to decide things in their favor.

Two men were out, but the speediest runner on the team was dancing up and down at third base, ready to cross the plate with the tying run—for the Kilties were one run ahead—while at second Longstride, the celebrated Indian speed merchant, was strung to the highest pitch of tension, ready to dent the home rubber with the winning run should an error or fairly long single give him the chance.

And at the plate, his jaws set, determined to do or die for the honor of victory, and incidentally for the cash returns that would come to members of the winning aggregation, stood the heaviest hitter of the Gray Colts. His bat was gripped firmly, about two inches from the end, and every nerve in the man's body was ready to respond to the call from his brain to "hit her on the nose."

Moreover, there was an added importance to this game. For, if the Gray Colts did not win now, there seemed to be little hope that they could win the final game. Their best pitcher had torn a ligament in his arm in the first game, and the Colts had been barely able to win it with the hurler who took his place, in spite of the fact that they had had a commanding lead at the time of the accident.

For that reason he was out of the series, and would not be able to pitch again, as the plan of the Colts' manager, McGrow, had been. Following this disaster had come a mysterious automobile accident, in which two of McGrow's other pitchers had been slightly injured. They had been able to work, and would have to work again if another game were necessary, but it had been painful to see the nervy players putting all they had into every pitch.

The game in which Fletcher, one of the two referred to, had worked had been the longest on record, owing to the pain which the pitcher was suffering from his left side—and he was a port twirler.

For these reasons the rooters of the Colts were staking their hopes on the man at bat. It was now or never, they knew.

Scarce a sound was to be heard as the diminutive pitcher of the Kilties took a long look at the position of the feet of the celebrated batter. The man at third was moving backward and forward, toward the plate and then back in the direction of the bag. At second the Indian did not move. He had taken a long lead off the bag and stood facing it, ready to dive back should the pitcher make the slightest move to throw in that direction.

A peanut vendor's voice rose shrill. "All hot!"

And there was a hysterical laugh from a small portion of the crowd. Men's nerves were strung to the highest pitch.

"Ball one!" cried the umpire, as the small pitcher, with but little preparation, shot the ball to the plate.

Shouts rose! Relief was in the hearts of the rooters of the Gray Colts.

But that relief was short lived. On the very next ball pitched, the man at the plate swung his bat with the short, sharp snap for which he was famous; there came a "crack" of wood against horsehide, a streak of white thru the air, and then a dull "thud" as the second baseman of the Kilties jumped, threw his gloved hand above his head and held the ball in the worn palm of his glove.

Instantly there was confusion! The crowd, giving vent to the stored-up excitement of the game, swarmed over the field. Cushions were thrown in the air, and the players were scarcely distinguishable as they dashed for the clubhouse. Some shouted from joy that the series was tied and another game was necessary. Others shouted in disgust that the chances of the Gray Colts seemed to have departed. Some shouted from pure gladness that the tension had been relieved.

But on the bench, scarce noticed, strange as it may seem, sat McGrow, the notorious manager of the Gray Colts. The failure to win this game meant more to him than to any of his players, for no one realized better than he the difficulty of his position.

Here he was, facing the necessity of playing the game that would decide the great question of baseball supremacy, with absolutely no pitcher at his disposal.

The series of accidents that had changed his prospects at the last minute was unheard of. And he had no ace in the hole! Dejection was stamped on his attitude.

Now some of the crowd, previously so excited that it had failed to notice him, saw that McGrow had not moved since that final sound had been heard—a sound which killed the hopes of so many Gray Colts' adherents. And now he was surrounded by sympathizing friends.

"Just tough luck!" exclaimed one fan.

"They're full of horseshoes," agreed another.

"What'll you do?" queried a third.

Without attempting to answer, and showing in his rough manner that he was at his wits' end, McGrow rose and elbowed his way thru the immediate crowd in the direction of the clubhouse. Men and boys followed, some cheering, some jeering, but all intensely interested in the manner of the manager.

Dead silence reigned in the dressing-room. Only the plash of the water from the shower baths was to be heard as McGrow entered. He took his bath and changed to his street clothes as quickly, as possible. The disappointment was too keen for words. Perhaps it was the only occasion following a world's series game when the first few minutes in the clubhouse were passed in dead silence.

When McGrow was ready to leave, he found the captain of the team, who was his chief adviser, at his elbow. They walked together from the room, and together sought a back entrance to the grounds, thus avoiding the crowds waiting to see them emerge.

"Well," said Frank, the captain, "there isn't much to be said, is there?"

"Hardly," returned McGrow. "I guess we'll all have to grin and bear it."

"We'll see how they warm up tomorrow."

"Might just as well put the names of the boys in a hat and draw out the one to work."

Silently they entered a taxi, and silently they sat pondering over the problem that confronted them. The final game on the morrow! And in winning or losing it depended hundreds of dollars for every man on the team.

"I believe," said Frank at last, "that I would give ten years of my life right now to have a certain person I can think of show up at this minute in good condition."

"Make it twenty years and be done with it," replied McGrow, seriously.

At that minute there came a shout from the sidewalk; the chauffeur of the taxi slowed down—stopped. Then into the machine jumped a tall, broad-shouldered man.

For a second only there was no word spoken. Then, from McGrow:

"Did I say twenty years?"

CHAPTER III.

THE DIAMOND TROPHY.

"LES LANG!" fairly shouted Captain Frank.

"And evidently in the best of shape," added McGrow, with such wonder in his voice that it was almost awesome.

"My condition is all right," laughed the tall man.

"There are so many things to say," McGrow went on, "that I—I don't know where to begin except to say that you are going to pitch that game for us tomorrow even if you haven't thrown a ball in two months."

"I surely am flattered," smiled Les Lang. "I certainly thought that I would suffer a suspension—or at least that I would be asked to explain my disappearance from the team so suddenly two months ago."

"Look here, Les," said McGrow, seriously, turning to the tall man, "we'll ask you about that, of course. I haven't any idea what happened to you to make you disappear as you did. But this I do know: It wasn't anything that you are ashamed of. It wasn't booze and it wasn't a woman. You're about the only baseball player I ever heard of that has the confidence of everybody that knows anything about you. Even the National Commission would take your word for anything, and certainly I will. Now forget about any explanations, and tell me that you think you can pitch and win that game for us tomorrow."

It was a long speech for the taciturn McGrow, and coming from such a man was really a remarkable one. Les Lang listened, his head held straight, his eyes intent on the speaker.

There was a moment's silence. Then he spoke.

"I don't need to tell you, Mac," he said, "how I appreciate what you have said—and I'm going to believe that I don't need to tell you that you are right about the reason for my going away."

"And about pitching the game tomorrow, and winning it?" said McGrow, with intensity.

"I believe—that I can do it," replied Les Lang, quietly.

The way McGrow and Frank simultaneously breathed a sigh of relief was almost funny. One would suppose that the game was already won.

Once arrived at their hotel, it did not take McGrow long to get in communication with the other members of the team; call a meeting for that evening;

BE SURE and read

"A BASEBALL DETECTIVE;

— Or, —

THE DIAMOND TROPHY,"

in this issue. You will find it a most interesting story. Look out for a lot of stories that are both timely and fascinating in coming issues of the Ledger. We have some mighty good ones waiting for you.

hold it and send them all to bed at an early hour. The enthusiasm over the appearance of Les Lang—probably the most sensational pitcher of the league of which he had been a member for two years—was something wonderful. It was decided to keep a secret the fact that this young man, who had started the season without a defeat during the three months before his mysterious disappearance, had reappeared at the psychological moment. McGrow realized that the consternation of the Kilties on the next day, when they discovered that they would have to face such a pitcher, would be almost half the battle.

And the manager was encouraged by the statement of Lang that he had been able, during his absence, to do a little pitching. His arm, he said, would be in the best of shape, tho he was a bit worried over his control.

There had been no questions asked by McGrow, and Les Lang had volunteered no information except to say to the manager: "Mac, important as baseball is, and much as I love it, there are some things in life that one can't disregard. And it was one of those things that took me away and has kept me away."

"Enough!" the manager had replied.

But if there had been enthusiasm and excitement among the players at the appearance of Lang, it was as nothing as compared with the ovation he received the next day when at last he was recognized.

To make his reappearance the more effective, McGrow had asked him to warm up before the game in the "bull pen." So it was that most of the spectators were ignorant of the fact that the sensational young pitcher would work that day until after the game was well started. The umpire, in making his announcement of the batteries, had purposely slurred over the name, and only those in the immediate vicinity of the bench of the Kilties knew of the startling fact.

And the Kilties Their astonishment had almost evaporated by the time the game began. When first they had found out—about an hour before the game began—that Lang was to work, they had greeted the news with mingled emotions. Some felt that they would have to do their best to win. Others—including the manager—were confident that the young man would not be able to pitch a good game after his lay-off of two months. There were questions of protest raised, but soon dismissed. Lang was a regular of the Gray Colts, and his absence was a matter that concerned no one but the authorities of that team. And those authorities were satisfied!

It took but one ball, hurled by Lang to the lead-off man of the Kilties, to show that the old, dazzling speed was there. And that first ball was a strike!

How the crowd yelled! The speed of it! The control! And as the game progressed it developed into a contest, not of team against team, but a contest of Les Lang against almost perfect pitching. It is true that the young man gave three bases on balls during the first four innings, but not a hit was made from his delivery, and only one man reached first base after the fourth inning. The team behind him, almost beside itself with happiness over the unexpected turn affairs had taken, made not an error.

And the one run scored by the Colts in the second inning proved to be as big as a house. At the end of the eighth inning the score stood one to nothing in favor of the Gray Colts, and the Kilties went to bat in the ninth determined at least to tie that score.

A remarkable thing occurred while the first man was at bat in this inning. He swung hard at the third strike, missed, and the ball—a spitter—striking the ground just in front of the catcher, took a peculiar twist and rolled past the catcher almost to the stand. Some of the scorers gave it a wild pitch, while others insisted that it should be scored as a passed ball. At any rate, the runner reached first and stole second on the next ball pitched. His steal was such a surprise to the man behind the mask that his throw to second was late.

So that was the situation when the lead-off man of the Kilties again came to bat. A man on second; no one down, and the Kilties one man to the bad.

Les Lang stood a moment looking out at his fielders. He made a motion as tho to indicate a change in the position of the left fielder; then smiled to himself and faced the batter. His wind-up was not pretentious, but the ball sped over the plate—outside corner—as tho shot from a European War cannon.

"Strike one!" shouted the umpire.

Again the young man took his time and again the ball sizzed over the plate—in exactly the same spot.

"Take one, now!" shouted some one on the bench of the Kilties.

"Strike three—out!" came from the umpire, as the third one came over, again cutting the outside corner. The young pitcher had done a thing almost unheard of in pitching—put three strikes over the plate without wasting a single ball. It was this unheard-of part of it that had made the batter let his club rest on his shoulder and made him walk back to the bench humiliated.

"Strike one!" repeated the umpire, as Les let go the first ball to the following batter. And again it had been the outside corner of the plate that had been cut.

By this time the spectators were almost frantic. Never on any field had been seen such speed and such quick-breaking curves and spitters. The man with the bat and the men on the bench were nearly crazy.

"Hit her out!" cried the Kilties' manager, seeing victory slipping silently past.

"He'll lost control!" yelled another.

"No, he won't!" from a third.

"Don't wait her out—hit her," from the Kilties' pitcher.

"No," yelled a fan in the stands, "you wait her out. He can't keep that up all day."

But he did!

Talk about doing the unexpected! Les Lang threw just eleven balls to the last three batsmen, and struck them all out. That outside corner of the plate was surely worked overtime in this game.

With each ball pitched the Kilties thought that it would be the last—surely this one would be the last to cut that outside corner of the plate!

And here it was that Lang outguessed his opponents. He knew their thoughts—and he crossed them. When, at last, he hurled the third strike over that outside corner of the plate, the batter swung with all the strength of his powerful back—and missed the ball by six inches!

There was no rushing to the club-

"My arms! My arms!"

house now. The beaten Kilties stood about the home plate in sheer disgust with themselves, and it was absolutely impossible for the victors to get any farther than the shortstop's position—so insistent were their friends.

Most of the spectators were on the field now—and all of the players. The sight was unprecedented in the annals of the national game. Les Lang had done his best to get away from the crowd, but his chances were about as good as would be those of a boy against Jess Willard.

People swarmed about him hundreds deep. He was raised on shoulders again and again. Men fought for a chance merely to touch his hand. His clothing was nearly torn from his back. He stood in great danger of being injured.

Then, above the tumult of voices, came the sound of a bugle. The band had been quiet since the beginning of the game, but now the clear, penetrating blast brought a momentary hush, and all eyes were turned toward the grand stand. The thing seemed so unusual. It was one of those unexpected sounds that will often bring a pause in the most intense movements.

And there in the stand, both hands raised above his head, stood the Governor of the State!

The very sight of the man—not supposed to be a baseball enthusiast particularly—halted every man in his tracks. Silence did not come at once, but when it was seen that evidently the Governor had something to say, men became quiet. In five minutes his words could be heard plainly—and such words!

"Can you hear me?" were the first words that could be understood.

"Sure!" "Yes!" "Go on!" came from the crowd.

"I'm not a dyed-in-the-wool fan," continued the Governor, his commanding presence and resounding voice carrying far out over the field. "But they wanted me to do this because they paid me the compliment of thinking that you all might know who I was and keep quiet long enough to listen to what I have to say."

"Sure we know you!" shouted some rabid politician in the crowd.

"What I have to say is about Les Lang," the Governor came back.

Then it was that pandemonium seemed to break loose. Again hats, cushions and even clothing were thrown into the air. Again Les Lang had to fight to keep from being almost torn to pieces.

"Les Lang—Les Lang—Les Lang!" came the shouts from the farthest corner of the diamond.

And now things were hushed again. All were eager to hear what the Governor of the State had to say about the popular hero of the day.

"No one will dispute me," continued the great official, "when I say that we have seen a most remarkable performance by that young man whom every one respects, not only for his baseball skill, but for his character as a man."

Incoherent shouts of acquiescence interrupted the speech at this point, but stillness came soon again, so anxious was every one to hear the rest.

"We don't know where he has been, or why he has been away, but we do know that, wherever he was, or whatever he did, it was nothing that injured his physical or mental well-being—we have had the best proof of that today."

"Struck three out in the ninth," came a voice.

"Shut up!" cried many, impatient of interruptions.

"And because he has been out of the game—or we presume he has—for two months, and then came back and pitched a no-hit game today, we have seen what is probably the most remarkable performance in the history of baseball," the leader of the State concluded before shouts and the clapping of hands stopped him.

"For that reason," he went on, in the silence that came soon, "several of the high officials of baseball have come to the sudden conclusion that there should be some mark of appreciation given to him. Of course," the Governor hastened to add, "there may have to be an investigation of his disappearance and absence—with that these gentlemen have nothing to do in the capacity in which they are here—but that has nothing to do with it."

"I bet he was taken a prisoner in the war," cried one wag.

"And it happens," the Governor continued, when quiet was restored, "that one of these gentlemen happened to have in his possession a very beautiful diamond trophy. He is a jeweler, I believe. On the spur of the moment several of us have agreed to pay for that diamond trophy—and I might add that it is worth a good many thousands of dollars—in the firm belief that others will be glad to share in the expense. To make a long story short, I wish that the crowd—all of you—would allow Mr. Les Lang, the greatest pitcher of the day—to come to this stand and receive from me the diamond trophy. Subscriptions to repay those who stand behind this affair may be made to the president of this club, and we will say that the fans of this city take great pleasure in presenting Mr. Lang with this trophy in commemoration of the greatest achievement of baseball."

The Governor was an eloquent and forceful speaker. He was an old campaigner, and had heard much applause during his political life, but never had he been the recipient of the plaudits that now greeted this speech.

Instantly, almost, a lane was formed from the place where Les Lang had been struggling with his too insistent friends, and the young man was escorted, with remarkable decorum considering the crowd and the excitement of the moment, to the grand stand. He was fairly lifted over the front rail, and then he made his way to the Governor's side.

Tho his manner was that of a modest man, embarrassed at the prominence given him in this unusual way, he could not hide the dignity of his carriage. He was a man—every inch. And as a man the crowd applauded.

"Speech—Speech!" came from all sides.

The great public official handed Les Lang the trophy, and, after a glance at the gleaming thing of gold and gems, the young man held it aloft in an attempt to let the curious crowd see the present that many of them would share in giving to him.

And again there broke out cheers that were fairly deafening with their intensity.

But silence came at last after many cries of "Let him have a chance!" and similar words. Lang, however, seemed unwilling to make much of the opportunity, and when the quiet did come, he stood a moment, looking down at the diamond trophy which his skill and brain had won for him.

Presently, however, he spoke, his words ringing true.

"It's hardly fair of them," he began, "to take it for granted that any of you want to join in giving this to me."

"Twenty-five dollars here!" came the cry from one fan, putting a stop to this line of apology from Les.

"But I do want to say that I shall keep this always," the young man went on, "and shall never forget this day. When the old arm is all glass, and the head not as quick to work as it is now, I'll bet the sight of this diamond trophy will bring me a lot of happiness."

Then he darted back thru the crowd, and was seen no more by most of those who applauded his words till dusk came.

But new eulogies waited him in the clubhouse. Of course, the players were more elated over winning the series and thus gaining the big end of the gate money than they were interested in the diamond trophy. But interested in it they were, and it was quite dark in the room where they dressed before any one thought of baths or street clothes.

Differing from the day before, the voices of many players talking at once made quite a babel, and the plash of the water in the baths was but an undertone of accompaniment to the shouts of joy. For ball players are boys, even tho there may be gray hairs—or thin spots—on their heads.

McGrow said but a few words to Les while they were drying themselves after the baths—having disdained the customary rub-down.

"I just knew you would do it, boy," said the great manager, "but I had no idea you would come thru so thoroly."

And Lang answered not a word.

They were standing now in front of the young man's locker, and he turned to the man next to him—now almost ready for the street—holding out his hand for the diamond trophy which he had left him examining.

"I gave it to Pete," said the player, hurrying with his dressing.

"Jim's got it," said Pete, coming up at that moment.

"I put it back in your locker," said Jim, who was dressing close by.

Then there was silence. Lang's eyes tried to pierce the semi-darkness of the recesses of his locker, but no little leather box, which contained the valuable trophy, was in evidence there.

And now again there was a stir. Only Les Lang was quiet. Thoroly he searched in his belongings, and quietly he asked all his fellow players about the trophy—when they had seen it last and where.

But the other players were by no means quiet. It seemed as tho they and

(Continued on Page 9.)

THE GIRL CAPTAIN

-:- Or, -:-

BELLE ISLE MEG

By George Ethelbert Walsh

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CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN MEG, with a crew of three hulking sons of Greenfield Haven, and old Curzon, her father's mate, sailed on the Belle Isle a week later, loaded with a cargo of lumber. Clad in double-breasted reefer and thick-soled shoes for mild weather on deck, and oilskins and rubber boots for storms, her hair coiled upon her head and fastened under a visored cap, she presented a picture that was no less businesslike than beautiful.

She was fortunate in securing her father's old crew. She had sailed with them many times, and they had confidence in her skill as a navigator, altho old Curzon had pleaded to be let off.

"I'm too old to go to sea, Miss Franklin—Captain Meg, I mean," he said. "My eyesight ain't what it was once. You'd better get a younger man as mate."

"Not this trip, Luke," Meg had answered. "It's my first as captain, and you must come with me. I need your advice and experience. Later I may get some one else."

The old man had consented, but with many muttered grumbles about tempting Providence by running in the face of danger. Often during his deck watch he would express opinions that were almost open mutiny, and were it not for their loyalty to their town and the daughter of their old-time captain, the crew would have been demoralized on that first trip.

"Wimmen ain't made to sail ships," was the refrain of his complaint. "It was all right when Captain Franklin was aboard for her to take a watch, but this runnin' off alone to sea with no man to watch her ain't coming to no good. She'd oughter to be at home tending that invalid mother. I don't approve of it nohow."

In her cabin Captain Meg, checking up her accounts, would smile whenever she overheard old Luke Curzon grumbling. She could be tolerant with him for his garrulousness, for he had been a good and efficient mate in his day, and if the need came he would lay down his life for her. She felt that she could ask for no better protector. It was true his eyesight was growing weak and uncertain, and he would often mix up the lights along the coast; but Captain Meg's clear vision could check off any such error and correct the mistake in time to avoid trouble.

The voyage out was a calm and uneventful one, and they delivered their cargo on time. Then, loaded with a miscellaneous consignment of merchandise, the homeward trip was begun. Shortly after leaving port they ran into a small storm, but Captain Meg met it with equanimity and skilfully sailed the schooner thru it. It was with a triumphant little smile on her lips, and a quicker beat of the heart, that she sailed into Greenfield Haven two weeks later—her first voyage a complete success. She had made up her accounts, and with the return cargo discharged the profits would bring in fair interest on the shares, plus a small sum for her own wages as captain.

When the Belle Isle came to anchor, a considerable number of the inhabitants of Greenfield Haven were on the wharf to welcome her new skipper home. Curiosity more than anything else drew them to the water-front. Among them, and foremost to grasp her hands, was Enoch Walton. Meg's decision to run the schooner herself had surprised him and had been met with an earnest protest; but seeing that she was set in her way and determined to make the experiment, he had shrewdly desisted from further argument.

"She's got to have her way now," he mused. "No use trying to head her off too soon. When she's had enough of it she'll be easier to handle."

He was the first to greet her when she stepped from the small boat to the dock. His face was smiling and beaming.

"Well, Captain Meg," he said pleasantly, "have a good trip? You look fine and rosy's these flowers."

He thrust a bunch of beautiful roses into her hands and patted her approvingly on the arm.

"Thank you, Mr. Walton," she answered, blushing with pleasure and triumph. "I had a fine trip, and I'm sure the shareholders will be pleased with the profits of the voyage."

"Don't you worry about the profits, Meg. We don't any of us think of them so long's we got you home safe again. Your mother and aunt will be mighty glad to see you."

"How is mother?" she asked quickly. "No worse, I hope."

"No, not that any one can see. I reckon she won't mind your going to sea if you come back so fresh and pretty as you look just now."

Walton's pointed compliments about her beauty always annoyed Meg, and she frowned ever so slightly now.

"I've been trying to comfort her in your absence," he continued, not noticing the annoyance plainly marked on her face. "Been visiting there nearly every night. Wonderful aunt you got there, too."

"Aunt Jane, you mean?"

Meg had prevailed upon her father's only sister to live with her mother during her trips. She was a maiden aunt, who possessed many of the sturdy characteristics of her brother, and Meg had a peculiar affection for this quiet and pleasant-voiced relative.

"Yes, Aunt Jane is just like poor father," she continued. "So you've been trying to keep them company during my absence? It was kind of you."

"I thought I'd get into the habit of calling," Walton drawled, "so you'd let me keep it up when you got home. Now you're here I'm not going to stop."

Meg laughed a little uneasily, remembering the proposal he had made to her. "I'm afraid I won't be home long," she answered. "As soon as I can load up again, I'm off on another trip. A sea captain has very little shore leave, you know."

Enoch Walton's face grew grave and serious. "See here, Meg, you aren't going to keep this up for long. One trip, and mebbe two trips, are all right, but you can't go on week after week like this. I thought mebbe this trip would finish you—make you satisfied to stay ashore. I don't like it, Meg, this running off to sea with a crew of men. If anything happened to you, we'd never forgive ourselves for permitting you to go. Why don't you stay home now and let some one else run the schooner?"

"Why, Mr. Walton, I thought you knew," she answered, looking with surprised eyes at him. "I must work for a living. I have mother and Aunt Jane to support as well as myself."

"No need of that—no need at all, Meg. You can marry me any day and settle right down here in Greenfield Haven. I'll buy your shares in the Belle Isle and pay you well for them. What's the use of your working like a man and killing yourself?"

"I enjoy working like a man, if you call running the Belle Isle that," she retorted. "I enjoyed every day of the trip."

"You wouldn't if you had bad weather. The next time you may be wrecked."

"I'd be ashamed of my seamanship if I was. Father sailed the Belle Isle for twenty-five years without being wrecked once. I wouldn't be a worthy daughter of his if I failed to bring her to port on the second or third voyage."

"The best captain gets caught sometime, Meg," Walton returned, hiding his disappointment with difficulty. "It's largely luck in getting back safely in port. It's a gamble every time a ship sails whether she'll ever come back. Don't get the idea you can beat the wind and waves every trip. They'll get you sooner or later. I've had five ships, and lost two of 'em. It wasn't poor seamanship, either, that sent them to the bottom—just plain bad luck. Quit it, Meg—quit the sea in time! Take my advice before it's too late."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Walton," she replied gently, "but I don't see how I can do it. I'm not good for anything else. I couldn't earn a living on shore, and I can on the ocean. No, I'm afraid I can't take your advice."

"Why can't you marry me? That would solve the riddle, Meg. Why can't you?"

She dropped the arm and withdrew a step, fearing the impetuosity of her lover; but his passion was not of the violent kind, and he stood watching her in silence.

"Why do you ask that again, Mr. Walton?" she said tremulously. "I—I don't want to marry any one now. I want to make my living, and I must be allowed to do it my own way. If I fail—I——"

"You'll marry me? All right, Meg, I'll wait."

She did not reply, altho words of protest at this conclusion sprang to her lips. She permitted them to die stillborn, for why should she add further pain of refusal or conjure up troubles of the future in her hour of triumph? She was returning home in full flush of her first triumph, and she wanted nothing to mar her pleasure.

"Well, I declare, you did get back safe and sound!" her invalid mother exclaimed, as she burst into the cottage a few minutes later. "I believe I've worried myself to a shadow thinking of you, Meg, every minute you've been away."

"Why did you worry?" Meg answered, kissing her affectionately. "I told you I'd come back all right."

"D'you think I could sit here day after day and not worry? Ain't I worried all my life 'bout your poor father, afraid he'd never come home again? You don't know what it means to be the wife of a sea captain. And now, I suppose, I got to go all thru it again, if you insist upon going to sea like any man."

A shadow of distress crossed Captain Meg's face, totally eclipsing the look of triumph that had reigned there. She stroked the hair of the invalid caressingly. "I don't know what else to do, mother," she murmured softly. "I must earn a living some way for us, and this seems to be the easiest and the only thing I can do. It isn't because I want to leave you here alone, mother dear, that I go."

Mrs. Franklin drew the head down and kissed the soft, round cheek. The maternal instinct overcame the habitual selfishness of the invalid. "Never mind, dear," she said, patting the hand. "It's all right, but I wanted to let you know I missed you—you don't know how much."

Then, as if ashamed of her emotion, she pushed the hand away and frowned as if in imaginary pain. "Meg," she added in a different tone, "what about Mr. Walton? He says he's asked you to marry him."

Captain Meg flushed and put up both hands to her hair and smoothed out the ruffled coils. Her mother's sharp eyes watched her critically and even anxiously.

"Yes, he asked me, mother," she replied after a pause.

"And you told him?"

"I refused him. There was nothing else I could do. I don't love him, and I couldn't marry him."

The eyes of the invalid were burning unnaturally bright and brilliant; Meg felt uncomfortable under their gaze.

"Are you sure?" was the next question.

"Sure of what, mother?" Meg asked, startled a little by the abruptness of the query.

"That you don't love him."

Captain Meg laughed and tenderly patted the gray head of her mother, an affectionate little movement characteristic of her. "I was never surer of anything in my life. Why?"

The invalid drew a tremulous sigh, and the eyes lost some of their feverish, burning brilliancy. At first she was not disposed to answer, but feeling Meg's eyes on her she said: "Because I was afraid you might. He's been here often in your absence, and—and—I don't like him any more than I used to."

"Why, mother, you never told me you didn't like Enoch Walton. What has he ever done to you?"

"Nothing! Nothing! Only I don't want him as my son-in-law."

"Well," laughed Meg, "I don't think you'll ever have him. I have no intention of marrying any one—not so long as I have you with me to love and look after."

"But if I should die you'd want to marry some one, Meg," persisted the invalid. "I'd die happier if you had a man to look after you—some one you could love and trust."

"I don't need a man to look after me," retorted Meg, making a grimace. "I'm perfectly able to look after myself. Don't you think so?"

Mrs. Franklin surveyed her thru eyes that were troubled in spite of her effort to conceal any anxiety; but Meg's amused expression dissipated all maternal forebodings of the future, and a smile crept into her face. Presently she began to laugh—a quiet, self-satisfied cackle that caused Meg to stop and look at her.

"I'm right glad Enoch Walton ain't going to get you," she said, answering Meg's unexpected question, "and I ain't sorry I told Raymond Stone you was calculating to marry him."

"Mother!" exclaimed Meg in astonishment. "What do you mean?" Meg was genuinely alarmed and surprised.

"Oh, I just wanted to let him know that a Franklin didn't have to go begging for things, and that he needn't come round here sympathizing with us, and meobe trying to get the schooner away from us. He couldn t do it, I told him—said we'd never sell our shares. He seemed upset 'bout something, and talked 'bout your going off to sea alone. I told him you was able to look after yourself, and a Franklin could sail the Belle Isle even if she was a woman."

She laughed softly to herself in remembrance of the interview. Meg, who had stood white and trembling, alternately blushing furiously, suddenly shook her gently.

"But about my marriage—tell me that," she said. "What did you mean by telling Raymond I was going to marry him? Oh, mother, how could you?"

The invalid looked up quickly, and seeing her daughter's look of blank astonishment, cackled loudly and good-naturedly. The tears actually flowed down her cheeks in her merriment.

"I didn't say that, Meg," she explained finally. "I told him you was calculating to marry Enoch Walton."

Captain Meg stood up and gasped, with something like a sigh escaping her lips. "Oh!" she breathed softly.

"I wanted to let him know you had the pick of the men of Greenfield Haven, and Enoch Walton has proposed to you."

"What did he say?" Meg asked in a tremulous whisper.

"Didn't say much of anything, Meg. Just turned pale and shut up like a clam. I wonder now if he had any notion of proposing to you."

Captain Meg turned her face away to conceal the rush of blood that made cheeks, neck and forehead as crimson as the roses Enoch Walton had given them. She picked up the flowers and thrust her face deep into their fragrant petals.

"How absurd, mother!" she said softly.

But the invalid looking at her shook her head and seemed less convinced than her silence indicated. A moment later Meg left the room and busied herself in the kitchen where Aunt Jane was getting dinner ready.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE days of Greenfield Haven's prosperity Captain Franklin and Captain Stone had been intimate friends, spending most of their time when ashore in each other's company. They had prospered in the whaling industry along with many other inhabitants of the town, and their friendly rivalry in bringing into port the biggest catch of the season had furnished endless amount of talk and good-natured chaff.

If Captain Stone returned from a six-months' whaling trip first with a record cargo of whale-oil, the excitement would be tempered by the remark, "Wait till Captain Franklin gets in. I reckon he'll have something to show." Or if the conditions were reversed and Captain Franklin reached port ahead of his friend, the same remark would be heard concerning Captain Stone's expected catch.

The weighing-in and measuring of the cargoes of the two respective whalers always furnished excitement to those who stayed at home. No other whaler could expect to rival the season's catch of either of these doughty veterans. Unexpected runs of luck followed them wherever they searched for the great fish, and they never returned without full cargoes.

Once on shore they forgot all rivalry and became simple cronies, telling and retelling experiences on the high seas. They were almost inseparable, and usually they timed their departure and home-coming so they rarely missed a few days or weeks between trips in each other's company. As they grew older and their wealth increased, they spent longer and longer periods ashore between voyages. In time they practically retired from active service. Perhaps they foresaw the coming doom of the whaling industry; and they were shrewd enough to sell out and settle down in peace.

But they were bred and brought up on the sea, and they could not get the salt out of their systems. They could not entirely desert their lifelong calling. So as a sort of compromise they had the schooner Belle Isle built for their mutual pleasure. Every stick that went into the craft was selected by one or both of the retired whaling captains, and they superintended the building and equipment of her from keelson to truck. The Belle Isle was the pride of their later life, and was built as few schooners of that time.

They took turns in sailing her or made short voyages together. It was a sort of pleasure boat with them in which they played at whaling or carrying cargoes up and down the coast. Then, wholly patriotic, and wishing to show their faith in their home town, they decided to pool their money and purchase a large strip of land running from the center of the town to the water's edge and nearly a mile wide. This land would increase in value as the years went by and prove a princely inheritance to their children.

The two old cronies wished to perpetuate their close relationship in the future thru the marriage of their children. Long before Meg and Raymond were old enough to speak English without a lisp, Captain Stone and Captain Franklin had

planned the future for them. They would marry when they grew up and inherit their money. As the children played together in the sands or tumbled over the rotting ribs of old derelicts drawn up on the beach, the two old skippers smoked their pipes in peace and tried to imagine them as man and wife.

"A likely lad you have there, Bob," Captain Franklin would remark between puffs at his black pipe. "What I'd call a stanch little craft."

"No more'n that gal of yourn, Joe," Captain Stone would retort, gazing with unconcealed admiration at little Meg. "I'll bet she'll make him take in a reef when it's squally."

When they decided to put most of their savings in Greenfield Haven land, they had the two children in mind. It never occurred to either that they would not grow up together and marry. Any other outcome seemed inconceivable. So they bought the property from Jim Walton in the name of both, having the deed made out to them jointly.

The land had formed a part of the old Walton farm, which ran from the water's edge back to the hills. Jim Walton had been glad to sell it, for farming had not been nearly so profitable as whaling. Walton had the reputation of being both shiftless and shifty. A bargain was a bargain with him, and like horse-trading, if you got a spavined animal or a one-eyed critter instead of a thoroBred, it was your lookout, and not the fault of the man who sold it to you.

But there was no chance, apparently, of any trickery in the simple transference of the land from Jim Walton to Captains Franklin and Stone—that is, there would have been none had not an unforeseen thing happened. The deed to the land in some mysterious way disappeared. At first the joint owners of it searched together for it; then separately, and with many grumblings and misgivings. Doubt and uncertainty grew to open suspicion; then to plain accusations, and finally to words. Each captain began to suspect the other of having secretly made away with the deed.

Jim Walton, hearing of the trouble, kept quiet, refraining from taking either side; but when the rupture became open, and the two old friends were bitter enemies, he winked both eyes when questioned about the transaction and said that "it was his opinion both of 'em was bluffing. What have they to show that they ever bought the land? Let 'em show me the deed, and I'll give it to 'em."

The captains were so intent in accusing each other of making away with the deed that they seemed to have no time or inclination to claim the land and make a fight in the courts. Bitter words that could not be forgotten or forgiven had passed between them. Each distrusted any move of the other and made haste to block it. The Belle Isle was their joint property, but Captain Franklin owned fifty-one shares in her and Captain Stone forty-nine. This gave the former the right to appoint himself captain and sail her, much to the chagrin and disappointment of his old friend. So long as he held the majority shares he could vote himself master and use her for the coasting or whaling trade, paying interest on the shares which his rival owned as profits warranted.

Meanwhile Jim Walton quietly continued to occupy the land, farming it without interruption, and later constructing stores and buildings on that portion near the water.

Enoch Walton had inherited his father's shrewdness and shiftiness, but little of his shiftlessness. He accepted without question the land the deed for which had been lost. He improved it and developed it, cutting it up into building lots, and while the old-time whalers were losing money he was slowly acquiring wealth and position in Greenfield Haven. At times the thought of the missing deed made him uneasy, but as the years went on and it did not turn up, he forgot the flaw in his title to the land. Captain Stone died. Still the lost deed failed to appear. It was not found in any of his personal effects. The thought that his old friend might have been guiltless softened Captain Franklin's heart at first, but later he concluded that the dead man had hidden the deed so carefully that none could find it. It was a just retribution, for his son could not profit by the theft.

After Captain Franklin's death, all hope of ever finding the deed was abandoned. So many years had rolled by that no one expected Enoch Walton's right to the land would ever be questioned. Meg had often thought of the lost deed, and wondered if there was ever a chance of its turning up. Raymond Stone had also given it some thought, but had finally concluded it was a mystery that could not be solved.

Raymond loved the sea, inheriting the passion from a long line of ancestors. He had shipped before the mast on many trips, and had worked up to the position of mate on one of the old-time coasters. But the decline in the shipping industry had convinced him that he had no career before him in that line. The profits he received from his shares in the Belle Isle furnished him with a small income, and with this for capital he embarked in business.

He opened a small ship chandlery store near the wharf, and beginning in a small way worked up a fair trade. The fishing smacks and schooners engaged in the coasting trade had to be outfitted for their cruises, and Raymond supplied them with most of their needs at prices sufficiently low to keep the trade from going to the larger cities. His modest prosperity, however, did not compensate for the loss of his true vocation. He was at heart a seaman, and by inheritance a sea captain. The blood of his ancestors ran strongly in his veins. He loved the sea as did Meg, but circumstances had conspired to make of him a landlubber.

Raymond chafed and fretted under the restraint imposed upon him. The Belle Isle never sailed from Greenfield Haven harbor but he watched it longingly and wistfully. Therefore, it was to him a bitter awakening when Meg, at the death of her father, assumed command and went to sea as master of the schooner. Raymond felt that she had treated him shabbily. What could a girl do as captain of a coasting schooner? Sooner or later she would get into trouble, and the Belle Isle would either founder at sea or go to pieces upon the rocks.

But lately other things had happened to cause him worry and anxiety. For some unaccountable reason his business had begun to fall off. He had carried a considerable line of groceries and provisions as a part of his stock, and these had served to keep him going between seasons when fishing was poor and the coasting ships were laid up for the winter. He first noticed the decline of business at this end; then, after a poor winter, the local skippers, instead of laying in a new stock of sails, ropes, chains, anchors and a thousand and one articles generally needed at the opening of the season, seemed to have been seized by a sudden fit of economy.

For a time Raymond pondered the situation in silence, hoping that in good time matters would improve, but when he noticed one fishing smack after another appear with new sails or spars and the coasting schooners rigged out with new equipments, he realized that the trade which he had always controlled had slipped away from him. With the exception of a few small, unimportant accessories, the ship chandlery business had gone to some distant rival.

Raymond, hurt and injured by this desertion, endured it in silence. His pride was touched. He made extraordinary efforts to place before his customers genuine bargains. Purchasing at a low price a lot of cordage, he marked it down to the lowest figure and placed it in his window to attract attention. But it did not draw trade. Old fishermen and sea captains stopped to gaze at the window display and the alluring prices, but none of them ventured inside.

"Joe," Raymond said one day in exasperation to Captain Joe Tinker, whose fishing smack was the pride of Greenfield's fleet, "how much did you pay a pound for that lot of new cordage you got last week?"

"Waal, I dunno 'xactly what it cost a pound, but it was cheap—dern cheap."

"You don't know what you paid a pound!" exclaimed Raymond. "I guess you could tell quick enough if you wanted to. Now, see here, Joe. I don't know why you fellows all go to Boston to buy your things this season, but I'll say this: If there's anything you can't buy here cheaper than in the city I'll make you a present of a new anchor chain whenever you want it."

Captain Joe stared at him, shifted his pipe, and mumbled: "'Tain't that. Your prices was always cheap enough. But—waal, I can't say anything now. I must be moving along."

It was the same with the others. They were all afflicted with loss of memory when they tried to recall prices they paid for their goods, and when pinned down to an explanation they invariably hemmed and hawed without explaining anything.

"There's something at the bottom of this I don't understand," Raymond growled. "But I'll find out if I have to give things away."

Before he could reach any reasonable conclusion he found his financial resources strained so that he had to borrow money to tide him over a temporary embarrassment. A consignment of goods, which he had hoped would prove effective in turning the tide in his favor, made it necessary for him to raise immediate cash. His local credit had suffered a little as a result of a year of bad business. Twice he had secured advances from Enoch Walton on his own notes. He hesitated about going to him the third time, but business exigencies demanded quick action. And who in Greenfield, except Enoch Walton, would have ready money to loan?

"Well, Raymond, how's things?" Walton greeted, when he appeared at his office to ask for another loan. "You look mighty prosperous. You're about the only man in Greenfield who's making any money. Everybody else is complaining of hard times. Lucky dog, Raymond!—and I congratulate you."

"You needn't," Raymond burst out. "I'm like all the others—hard up for money. I need it the worst way—got to have it at once."

Walton looked at him in well-feigned surprise, pursing a lip as if to whistle. "You don't say! What's the trouble? I declare I thought you'd come to pay off them notes. They're due now—past due." He pulled out of a compartment of his desk the fatal notes and gazed at them. "And you want to borrow more money, Raymond? How much?"

"Five hundred will carry me thru, I think. But——" He was going to raise the amount, but hesitated as Walton scowled and continued to study the two notes in his hand.

"Yes, I could do with five hundred," he added. "If trade picks up I could pay it off soon."

"But these two notes. What are you going to do with them?" asked the money-lender.

"You'll have to let them run a little longer, Walton. I can't take them up now. Business nas been fearfully dull this season. I can't explain it, but——"

Walton shook his head slowly. Raymond watched him with anxious eyes. "If you had some security now, Raymond, to offer, I wouldn't mind carrying the notes and advancing you the five hundred. But if anything should happen to the business I'd have nothing but your notes, and they wouldn't be much good then."

"You've always accepted my notes in the past, and I've always taken them up on time," protested Raymond.

"Yes, but you haven't met these, Raymond, and as I said they're past due now. You haven't any other security to offer?"

"No—that is—"

He gulped, swallowed once or twice, and then added: "I have the shares in the Belle Isle which my father left me. I suppose I could——"

"Yes, they'll be satisfactory," replied Walton, not too eagerly, but with no show of hesitation.

"I hate to part with them even as collateral for a loan. I don't want to sell them or lose them."

"No danger of that, Raymond. It's just business. I'll hold them as security until you can pay off the notes. I'll advance you the five hundred right away. You'll soon be doing a humming business, making so much money you won't know what to do with it. I envy you, Raymond. I had no such opportunity when I was a young fellow. Now bring the securities around and I'll keep them in the office safe. By the time you return I'll have the money ready for you."

And as there seemed to be no other way out of his difficulty, Raymond transferred possession of his shares in the Belle Isle to Enoch Walton. With his five hundred he returned to his store to renew the uphill fight against invisible agencies that seemed to be conspiring to ruin him.

CHAPTER VI.

INSTEAD of improving, Raymond's business continued to fall off in volume and within a few weeks he despaired of ever getting back what he had lost. The stock of goods, which he had paid for with the money loaned on the shores of the Belle Isle, was piled high on his counters and in the back room of his store, accumulating layers of dust. Nothing that he could do, ap-

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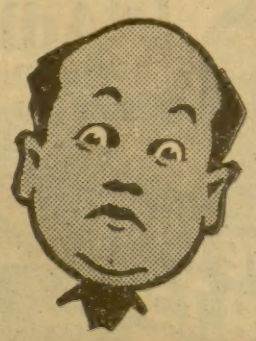

WHAT!
NO SLEEP LAST NIGHT?
If coffee was the cause change to POSTUM and sleep!
"There's a Reason"

parently, would induce any one to purchase them. The few loyal customers who continued to patronize the store were for the most part poor and unimportant. Their trade was only a drop in the bucket. A pair of oars or rowlocks now and then, a few fathoms of cheap anchor chain, a half-gallon can of marine paint, a coil of rope or some galvanized nails for repair work, constituted the sum total of their purchases.

Raymond was in despair. He saw fishing smacks come and go with new outfits; schooners with new sails and rigging; coasting ships of all kinds and sizes equipped for long trips; but none of the goods came from his store. The trade had practically all been diverted from Greenfield Haven to Boston or some other harbor.

If there had been a rival store in Greenfield that had taken his business, he might have accepted it as a sure indication of his unfitness for the work. If another had won out against him in a fair fight, the result would not have been so disheartening. He could then discover his errors and try to profit by them.

But the mystery of it all was maddening. His own townspeople had deserted him, left him to drift upon the rocks and shoals of bankruptcy while their patronage went to a foreign port.

"I may as well shut up shop," he mused one day bitterly. "I can't keep on long this way. If I can't sell the stock I may as well let it rot here and go fishing."

It was a particularly fine day. The sun was on the water and the soft roll of the sea was soothing to the nerves. Seized by a sudden longing for a taste of the salty ozone wafted in from the ocean, he closed his store and walked down the beach facing the harbor.

The day was so inviting that scores of boats were out, and the harbor flashed with their silvery sails. Captain Joe Tinker had just drawn his yawl upon the beach when Raymond reached the water. It had been a profitable fishing trip for Captain Joe and he felt particularly good.

"How d'do, Raymond!" he called, wafting a cloud of smoke skyward. "Want a mess of bluefish? Had purty good luck on this trip. Send you up some ef you want 'em."

Raymond looked indifferently at the speaker; he was in no mood to accept peace offerings from any one. They had played him a mean trick and he felt sore.

"If I need any, Captain Joe," he replied quickly, "I'll buy them. I can afford one good meal, I reckon. If I couldn't I wouldn't accept charity from some people I know here in Greenfield."

He spoke bitterly, and Captain Joe felt it. He looked both surprised and hurt. He held the pipe unsteadily in his hand and gazed at the retreating figure.

"I say now, Raymond!" he called. "You ain't going to talk that way to an old friend of yourn—one that knew your daddy 'most as well as he knew his own. You ain't laying up anything ag'in' me, be you, Raymond?"

"No, Joe, not more than against a lot of others here in Greenfield," Raymond replied, turning. "It's the whole lot of you that I owe a grudge. One or two here and there wouldn't matter. But when all of you turn against me to put me out of business, running off to Boston to buy your goods when you could get them as cheap here if not cheaper, and smirking and smiling at my back all the while as if it was a huge joke, why, then—it makes my blood boil. If it was here in Greenfield you were buying, I wouldn't complain. If I had a rival in the field that I couldn't beat I'd accept it without a kick. But——"

He turned in disgust and glanced across the harbor. Suddenly his eyes rested on a schooner rounding the point of the breakwater. She was bowling along before a full breeze with a bone in her teeth.

"There comes the Belle Isle," he muttered more to himself than to Captain Joe.

"Yes, Captain Meg's back again," said Captain Joe, squinting seaward. "Three days overdue. Must have had head winds. It beats all how that gal sails her—'most as good a skipper as her dad."

Raymond continued watching the schooner. Her appearance was a new source of bitterness to him. Meg, as well as the others, was in league against him.

"I suppose she stopped in Boston to get fitted out like the rest of you," he remarked bitterly. "She's got the habit, too."

"She's had a hard trip," Captain Joe said, after a pause, still squinting at the approaching schooner. "Lost some of her sails and rigging. She'll have to get a lot of new things afore she can sail ag'in."

Raymond smiled. They all came to him in an emergency. When they couldn't get to Boston for new equipments they condescended to purchase a few necessary things from him. A gleam of anger entered his eyes.

"Well," he drawled, "she can't get them here. I've shut up shop—gone out of business—not another thing will I sell to any one in Greenfield. I'd let that stock at the store mildew and rot before I'd outfit the Belle Isle or any other boat that sails from here."

Captain Joe regarded him in silence, an expression of pain crossing his weather-seamed visage. Walking to Raymond's side he placed a hand on his shoulder and said:

"Don't be too hard on us, Raymond. We're poor, like you, and have to consider our bread and butter. If we didn't we'd all go to the poorhouse. It ain't because we don't want to buy of you. You mustn't think that. It's because we have orders, and we don't dare disobey them."

Raymond swung around and glared at the speaker.

"Orders! What do you mean, Joe?" he asked.

Joe smoked his pipe and nodded his head vigorously. "That's what I said—orders. And we dasn't disobey them—what with the mortgages on our houses and boats and the Lord knows what else. No, sirree; if we did he'd push us to the wall. He owns us, body and soul—d—n him!"

"Who are you talking about, Joe? And what do you mean?"

"I reckon you know. There ain't but one man roun' these here parts that holds more mortgages than there's boats in the harbor."

"You mean Enoch Walton?"

Joe nodded, but said nothing, smoking asthmatically at his black pipe.

Raymond watched him a moment in silent surprise, too bewildered and stunned to make further comment. Captain Joe continued to puff stoically at his pipe, with his eyes bent on the schooner now taking a long tack to the windward to clear the projecting end of the beach.

"Joe, did Enoch Walton order you to buy your stores in Boston?" Raymond demanded finally.

"Yep! He's got a part interest in a little ship chandlery place down there on the wharf. Said we'd do him a favor to buy of him. But"—turning slowly—"we knew it was an order. Captain Brent didn't catch on at first. But he got wise to it when he went to renew his mortgage on his home. Enoch Walton said he couldn't accommodate him. Then"—spitting viciously—"he outfitted in Boston, an' there warn't any further trouble 'bout renewing the mortgage."

"How many mortgages does Enoch Walton carry in this town?" Raymond asked reflectively.

"Lord, Raymond, you couldn't count 'em! Might's well try to count the haddock off the banks. There ain't no limit to 'em."

Raymond frowned and dug a toe in the sand. He was thinking of his own indebtedness to Enoch Walton. His precious shares in the Belle Isle were pledged to cover a loan that could never be paid.

Glancing up again his eyes sought the Belle Isle. Presently a hard glitter entered them, and a smile of bitterness spread over his face. A new light had flashed upon his mind. Captain Meg was engaged to marry Enoch Walton, and the two had conspired to ruin him so they could acquire his interests in the schooner. It was a plot so simple and effective that he laughed at his stupidity in not penetrating it before. His father had clung tenaciously to those shares thru all the years, enduring sacrifice and privation to hold them, and now, with a little trickery, Captain Meg, with the help of her lover, had got the control from him. To redeem them from pawn he would have to leave Greenfield Haven and begin life anew in some other place. Even then he had only one chance in a thousand of making sufficient money to pay off the loan in time to save the collateral.

But the bitterest part of the transaction was that Meg had consented to the diabolical plot—Meg whom he had played with and championed in youth, Meg, the adorable, the soul of honor, the one girl he had secretly admired and loved! Yes, Raymond admitted to himself, his sentiment for her had been more than that of friendship; he had realized this bitterly the night Mrs. Franklin informed him of her daughter's engagement to Enoch Walton. That had been a severe blow, and had caused him no end of disappointment, but that Meg in her hour of triumph should stoop to such low methods of unfair dealings hurt him. It seemed like the shattering of an ideal—the crumbling of all the gods he had worshiped and believed in.

His face was white and drawn when he turned to Captain Joe again. "I understand now, Joe," he said in a less antagonistic voice. "I thought it was a conspiracy of all my old friends, but it wasn't. It was only Enoch Walton—and—Captain Meg."

Captain Joe removed his pipe from his mouth and stared. "Captain Meg!" he articulated. "No, she ain't had nothing to do with it," he added, shaking his head.

Raymond laughed harshly.

"You don't understand the whole of the plot, Joe," he said. "Why should Walton want to ruin me? He had no grudge against me—none that I can think of. But she—Captain Meg—did. She inherited it from her father."

"I'dunno 'bout that," Joe replied, shaking his head still more vigorously. "Captain Meg ain't the kind to bring up that old quarrel, Raymond. She—she——"

He stammered and mopped his brow in distress.

"It is hard to believe it of her, Joe," Raymond said, looking wistfully at the schooner now coming at anchor in her accustomed place in the harbor. "But there's no other explanation of it. She wanted to get control of my interests in the Belle Isle. Captain Franklin tried to do it many times. But"—slowly and with a frown—"he never resorted to any underhanded methods. It remained for his daughter to——"

"Belay there! Hold her fast a moment, Raymond! You're going too fast! Captain Meg ain't that kind!"

"Perhaps you're right, Joe. She never thought of it first. Enoch Walton put her up to it, but she gave her consent and joined the conspiracy."

"What hold has Enoch Walton on her, I'd like to know?" growled Captain Joe.

"What hold! Why, haven't you heard? It's simple enough. What's hers will belong to him, but I'll wager a new set of sails against a box of cigars that what's his will never belong to her. They're engaged, Captain Joe—engaged to be married."

Captain Joe Tinker's mouth dropped wide open so that his pipe fell to the ground. He stooped to pick it up, straightening his rheumatic body with a slow, painful motion.

"I dunno's I can believe that, Raymond, even if you do say so," he retorted slowly. "Captain Meg and Enoch Walton! No, sirree, I ain't going to believe it! It's just started by some of these gossipers. Captain Meg can't look at a man without somebody butting in and saying things that ain't so."

"But her mother told me," Raymond replied. "I don't think she'd start a false rumor about her own daughter. It isn't common gossip; it's a fact."

Unwilling to be convinced against his wishes, Joe continued to shake his head doubtfully, but he had no words to express his feelings.

"And as a wedding present, I suppose, Walton has promised her the Belle Isle free of all encumbrances," Raymond added, with an unpleasant smile on his face. "What was easier than to force me to the wall and buy up my shares and give them to her? A fine wedding present, indeed! Wasn't it always the ambition of her father to get me out? What he couldn't accomplish, Meg has succeeded in doing with the help of her lover. Oh, it's all plain enough now, Joe—so simple that I've been a fool to fall into the trap!"

"But," stammered Captain Joe, "how'll he get your shares? How can he force you to sell them, Raymond?"

"He's got them already," snapped Raymond. "They're pledged as security for loans on my stock—and now my stock isn't worth the room it occupies. I'm in the same boat with the rest of you, Joe—with Captain Brent and the others. Enoch Walton holds a mortgage on about everything we possess except our souls. But"—recklessly—"now that I haven't anything to lose, I'm not going to sit down and accept his medicine quietly. I'm going to fight. I'll expose Enoch Walton from one end of the town to the other. I'd be willing to spend a few months in prison for the pleasure of thrashing him. I'll do it, too! I'll put a few marks on his jelly face that Captain Meg won't admire when she stands up to marry him."

Laughing bitterly and recklessly, stung to anger by his reflections, Raymond left Captain Joe on the beach, still staring with open mouth at his retreating figure.

This remarkable story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

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Motor Mania.

"I'm much obliged for this rubber patch," said the man with the little car to the man whose machine had so many cylinders that you couldn't count them.

"Don't mention it," replied the man with the biggest thing on wheels. "I know how grateful the owner of a Jinx is whenever he has a little favor extended him. And more especially when it comes from the owner of a big machine like mine.

"My line of colloquy may seem a bit personal, but it is not. The person speaking to you, sir, is a former Jinx owner, who suffered long from stings of jests and gibes aimed at him and his vehicle.

"The one thing that is balm for the wounded feelings of the Jinx driver is the realization that he is passing thru the metamorphosis of the autoist. That's what I did.

"Back in the late '80s I was one of the few individuals who had death defying nerve enough to purchase one of the velocipedes of the time and ride it. When I went down Main street perched over the big seven-foot wheel with the little wheel doing its best to keep up I was an awe-inspiring spectacle.

"I lived to ride a safety a few years later, and thought the safety was the last word in speed and luxury. The next stage found me the possessor of an early model motorcycle—the kind you had to push ahead of you for about a mile before you could jump on. I thought then that the pinnacle of ideal locomotion had been reached.

"Then the four-wheeled Whizzjig came out and I sold my ancient motorbike and bought one. A year later I traded my Whizzjig in for a Little Grinder. I then sold my Grinder and bought a Jinx. The Hopper, Skipper and Jumplex followed and last week I bought the Super-Dreadnought, with submarine attachment for muddy roads and torpedo nets to bag stray cows, that you see standing outside."

"It's—it's a mighty fine-looking car and—and I want to thank you again for that rubber patch," said the man with the little car.

"'Tirely welcome!" returned the man with the biggest thing on wheels. "Keep up your courage. Remember the good are always rewarded. The man who drives a Jinx, they say, will live to drive real cars some day."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

A Great Pity.

They were lumbering peacefully home in their market cart when from the shadowy hedge there leaped two unkempt forms. No time was wasted in useless talking. In a businesslike manner they rifled the pockets of Farmer Jones and his daughter, turned them out of the cart and drove off in it.

"Dear, oh dear!" wailed the poor old man. "Here's a nice to-do—horse and cart and money all gone!"

"Not the money," broke in the daughter, "I hid the purse in my mouth."

"In your mouth, lass?" replied the old man, feebly. "Good for you! But what a pity your mother wasn't there, then we might have saved the horse and cart!"

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The Wrath of God

Or, A New Adam and Eve

By Mason Ray

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CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER hearing the dismal sound again and again that so closely duplicated the howl of a dog, Eve and I hurried back to the train and related the incident to Frank. We also told him of Jean, the guide's favorite, who accompanied us to the underworld that momentous day, and was in advance of us when the walls collapsed.

"Then you've heard your Jean-dog," he affirmed. "Animals can live weeks without food. She might wander until she reached that underground river. After that she'd feed on corn in the fields and, maybe, grain in bins. We'll look it up."

At dawn Frank and I fought our way thru brush to familiar farmhouses that attempted an air of hospitality across their uncurbed shrubbery. Finally we arrived at Wiley's boarding-house with its latticed porch; and there, crouching back in fear and suspended judgment, was old Jean!

"Jean!" I called. "Oh, Jean, good Jean, come here!"

Instantly she bounded toward me, whined with joy, groveled at my feet, then jumped up and overwhelmed me with dog caresses.

We were amazed at her creditable condition; but investigation revealed stacks of unhusked corn torn to wildest confusion, self-sowed grain in fields gnawed to pulp, and unguarded bins of feed in barns that swift-dying owners left wide open. And, of course, water was easily obtained. Back at the train old Jean attached herself to Eve and became my wife's shadow. Either she remembered the bride of that far-off time or she recognized the source of luscious meals.

"Cupboard love," Sibyl named it. But to me it looked like canine devotion of a high quality. No wonder. She was petted to her lone heart's content and dined on the best.

We celebrated Christmas across Florida's north boundary, where gray moss trailed from branches and the air was like a Michigan June. Each day we explored the region for suitable homes; but New Year's day slipped by till noon before we discovered a place that outshone the garden of Eden. Amid scenery and stately parks, we found several villas once owned by people who wintered in the South. They faced the intense blue of the distant gulf and a shell drive shaded by oak. Each royal dwelling stood amid rank grass, but hardy annuals glowed in scattered beds, and stubby palms lent a tropical setting. English ivy draped stone walls and many an oak. Midway we came upon a palatial residence built with heavy columns and upper galleries.

"Frank," claimed Sibyl, "that's the Cadwell home."

Luckily for the Wards, real estate was free as the glorious Florida sunshine. Farther on we selected a less pretentious dwelling amid magnolias and giant azaleas, where late blooming flowers blazed on the magnificent lawn. Eve gazed entranced.

"The words are not all spelled that declare the glory of God," she murmured. "Adam-boy, this is lovelier than Morningstar, and yet I was grieving for the old home. It was wicked!"

That same afternoon my pard and I hunted up lawn mowers and reduced the unshorn lawns to velvet smoothness. After that shrubs and flowerbeds stood out in bold relief, while the terraced turf rolled down to the avenue in an unbroken sweep of verdant green. Later we joined Eve and Sibyl, who were examining the buildings. Frank's princely home was evenly divided above and below by wide halls, while huge, musty rooms opened at right and left. Away from the southwest windows spread a wonderful panorama of groves, lemon orchards, loaded with fruit and flower, and the glinting gulf. Even Sibyl's narrow soul exulted in the grand perspective. But she demanded new furnishings and Eve's service in cleaning the long-closed rooms. In the end, however, this work fell to Frank. Our own dwelling of cream-tinted brick and many porches and detached kitchen required a cleansing bath of suds. Besides, there was a New Year's dinner to be served at six. It was spread in the sun-parlor back of interlacing vines, and Southern fruits were piled in a pyramid at the table's center, while the vegetables were cassava roots and wild-grown sweet potatoes; our beverage was lemonade.

"There's no mistaking the latitude," gloated Frank, with a dish of grapefruit and oranges at his plate and the latter piled with yams. Diantha, in her high chair, amused herself with the unknown fruit and by throwing scraps to old Jean. So engrossed was she that she forgot to grimace at Wally opposite; but Sibyl found something in the little girl's behavior to criticise.

"Diantha is teaching Jean to beg at table," she objected. "The place for a dog is outdoors."

Diantha, dainty little elf, slipped from her chair, after a long look at the speaker, and drove Jean from the room. Later Eve discovered that her cookie box was half emptied, and that the half of a cold fowl had disappeared. Di had accomplished her object. Jean had been fed.

Everywhere we had found evidence of abruptly abandoned homes. Toilet articles were tossed on dressers as if just thrown aside. A table was discovered set for a meal. Its linen, glass and china were deep in dust, while its silver was tarnished. Tattered clothes fluttered from a rotted line. In the library of one residence a copy of "Quo Vadis" lay open at the burning of Rome. Near by on the same table were St. Louis dailies which deplored the heat in one column and the exorbitant price of paper in the next. Tennis nets had rotted in the parks, but excellent rackets were thrust into an umbrella stand in the hall. In the living-room of one villa a victrola was about to play a waiting record. The selection was "Dixie." I dusted the waxen disc, set the needle and wound the power. Instantly the rollicking strains of the Southland melody echoed grotesquely in the deserted place. It seemed a mocking voice of the vanished, gray-clad hosts and their people.

"Don't! I can't bear it!" cried Eve. So I lifted the needle and silenced the record that never was played.

As if by magic, robins, thrushes, wrens and mocking-birds discovered our presence. They awoke us mornings and sang night vespers. Near by a whip-poor-will called to his mate, and was answered in the far twilight.

"They should have been destroyed," complained Sibyl. "They're creatures of ill omen. They announce misfortune."

Incubators again supplemented the work of brood hens.

"Suppose we select hardy specimens of everything and turn 'em wild," suggested Frank.

The idea was practical. Hundreds of acres were covered by self-sowed grain, while wild rice and celery roots offered food for myriads of ducks. No time was lost in testing the enterprise. A few wiry and untamable fowls of each sort were placed in favorable situations, grain scattered and the flock left to run wild.

During two months Frank and I played tennis and golf and studied Southern agriculture. By March we felt equal to growing the grain and tubers craved by our Northern appetites. By June summer heat wilted us down like sun-scorched plants and inclined us to indolence. But Eve's strict diet kept us all in health. No one but Sibyl chafed. Nothing suited. For a time I kept an eye on my friend lest his wife's querulousness drive him to take refuge in drink. But Frank was no Kelly. He was born without a craving for intoxicants. Instead he "keyed up" on outdoor sport and expended his surplus energy in the same manner. We both, however, smoked pipes and cigars, while the whole family partook liberally of citrus drinks and fruits.

Thus for years we dwelt in that land of ideal winters and burning summers. And, because the sandy region was slow to clog with semi-tropical vegetation, we used our favorite make of autos for long drives. During these trips we secured every necessity, luxury and material for entertainment to be found in large cities. Meat of a sort was plentiful. Wild fowl covered the land until they were almost a nuisance. Little by little we lost ambitious energy and were, perhaps, too content, with the ex-

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The Eyes of America Turned on Her Farmers

AT last the American farmer occupies his rightful place in the esteem of the world. Manufacturers, merchants, bankers and city dwellers of all kinds heretofore have taken their food for granted and have overlooked the man behind the plow—the man who feeds them.

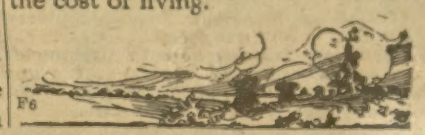
Conditions today are such that the *producer* of foodstuffs is recognized as the mightiest force—not only in the welfare and prosperity of the nations of the world but in the very existence of nations and their peoples.

A noticeable feature of the situation, which has shown the American farmer to be on a high moral plane as well as holding an important industrial place is the fact that he has *not* taken advantage of conditions to extort unreasonable prices from his fellow Americans. He has patriotically increased his production in order to prevent famine prices instead of keeping production down to force prices up.

He has shamed the food speculator—though unfortunately his example has not been followed by all manufacturers—particularly among the makers of so-called luxuries; though many big manufacturers in this country have followed the farmer's lead.

One of the most noticeable cases among those who have kept faith is that of the makers of Coca-Cola. In spite of the enormously high price of cane sugar—*the principal ingredient of Coca-Cola*—and in spite of the higher cost of its other ingredients the Coca-Cola Company have not raised the price to consumers nor lowered the quality of that delicious and refreshing beverage one iota. Like the farmers they have kept faith with the people to their own cost.

Perhaps the lessons of fair-dealing and helpfulness that the heads of that institution learned as boys on the farm (for they are products of the soil) have strengthened them to stand firm in this crisis. So let us remember that the beverage Coca-Cola, known as the National Beverage because of its great popularity, has proved itself indeed national by doing its bit to keep down the cost of living.



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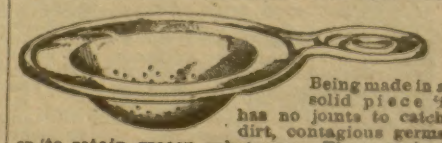

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ception of Sibyl, who became more difficult and bitter as little ones nestled in her unresponsive arms.

But Eve's splendid nature broadened and deepened and sweetened as childish voices gladdened our beautiful home. When Diantha arrived at the dignified age of 10 her beloved sister, Jaqueline, was 8, her brother Tom neared 6, Jim was over 4, while baby Joyace merely attempted the King's English.

At this time Frank's daughter, Narcissa, was almost the age of my Tom. A blond child with boyish proclivities. Her brother Albert was but 3 years old, while Flora, the toddling babe, was the apple of Frank's eye and the very core of his heart. Wally, being neglected, gravitated to our home, and throve under Eve's wise guidance. All the older children attended the school I conducted according to liberal ideas I had long cherished.

Shortly after Diantha's tenth birthday, March burst into unusual heat. Two months later Florida seemed to be spitted above the bottomless pit and the earth grilled under a pitiless sun. To me was left the task of farming and gardening, while Frank hovered over the waxlike form of his little Flora. Often I was summoned for counsel when he and Eve despaired.

"If she only had milk," moaned Frank, one night, as he and Eve and I watched by the apparently dying babe. "Oh, if she only had milk and was back in Michigan!"

Flora's need of this staple was our one thought. Evaporated milk was useless. It had now been sealed in tins over eleven years. We dared not risk it. That night, as I fought off death by every means in my power, I understood how essential the dairy herds were to human life. Moreover, we bitterly regretted migrating to the land of winter heaven and summer hell. Hour after hour, minute after minute, wore into eternity, while we fanned the waxen figure and applied stimulants. It seemed a lifetime before the gray dawn filtered into the silent room, and still another before Sibyl drifted in and gazed down at the flower-child on the white pillow.

"You overrate the danger," she commented. "Flora's merely sick with heat like myself, but no one cares." Weeping with self-pity she passed out of the room and closed the door.

"What a mother!" Frank muttered. "My God, what a mother!"

As we sat in dull misery waiting for the end, a sound drifted in at the open window that seemed the reflex of our overwrought nerves. Like something in a dream came the faint lowing of cattle. Because we craved food for the babe, our brains conjured up the reality. It came nearer. Frank raised his head and gazed at me fixedly. He believed himself insane. But at a roar below the window we both bounded down the stair and out the door.

"Ceasar's ghost!" cried Frank. "See that!"

There, on the parched lawn, like an agricultural statue done in bronze, stood Mike Kelly, with one arm thrown across the neck of a mooley cow. And his background was a lad who led another hornless creature by a rope!

CHAPTER XV.

"RECKONED you'd like a cow," observed Kelly. "Calculated you'd like to start a herd; so Pat and I fetched 'em."

"Does she give milk?" demanded Frank. "Kelly, you angel, does she right now give milk?"

"Does a spring give water?" countered the captain. "Gimme a pail and I'll show you."

"Where on earth did you get them?" I referred to the cattle altho my eyes were fixed on the red-haired, freckled boy who accompanied him.

"Having nawt to do on yon island," began Kelly, and I winced at the reference, "I got to thinking o' English miners what are born an' raised down in the bowels o' the earth. Families what never see God's daylight. Nigh a half-mile under green sod they live out their lives, and keep cows and pigs and chickens and pets like folks in a city. So I wonnered and wonnered if some hadn't lived same's you in the cave. Got so curious about it I dumped the stuff outen those cans, soldered 'em tight, sewed 'em in the tents, with one piece o' canvas for a sail, and went ashore. Driv to New York in autos and crossed the brine in a yawl.

"Paddy, you milk," he broke off to command the boy, as Frank produced the desired pail before he returned to Flora. The captain continued:

"Found two miners, their wives and seven children what got caught in a back shaft with their cows, pigs and pets. Seems the mine collapsed in spots for the same reason your cave broke in. It saved 'em from the fire-air, but they nigh smothered. Where the men worked their way to the main shaft and climbed the rigging to the upper deck o' creation, they discovered that they owned it. Not all at once. Not till I landed and enlightened 'em. After that I cut out booze for them and me. Made prohibition a national law—and enforced it."

"But the cow?" I questioned. "Tell me about the cow."

"Why," said Kelly, "when the miners sensed shock o' earthquake and falling walls, they rushed their families and them two cows into a back shaft. It meant milk for the children if trouble came, and meat if the worst happened. But picks and shovels opened the way. Women and all were brought up in the big cage, a few at a time. Calves came—both male and female; and we nursed the beginning to a tidy herd."

"And thought of us," I cut in.

"Wanted to pay you for steaming the drugs outen my worthless hide," said Kelly.

"You've reversed the debt," I told him, then explained our need of a life-saving diet for Frank's little one.

"Anyhow, I fetched 'em," resumed the wanderer. "Been on the road, afoot or in trucks, a hunnered days. Lastly pastured the cattle and kept 'em cool. Treated 'em royal."

"No wonder; they're worth more than all the gold and jewels in the world," I told him. "But how did you find us?"

"By a trail o' used cars and fixed track," said he. He placed a kindly hand on the freckled lad's shoulder. "We found um easy, didn't we, Pat?"

Pat, having finished his job, got up and bashfully handed me the foaming product. It was more precious than nectar. The sight of this priceless boon inspired me with gratitude. Surely events were directed by Providence!

Within the house Eve graciously welcomed the newcomers, while the children acted much like a covey of wild birds. But movies had done much to prepare them for seeing other beings. Di was soon talking to the strange lad, and was answered in his peculiar dialect. Next Frank appeared with Flora cradled in his arms.

"Babe drank a glass of milk," he announced, as one tells of a reprieve. "Swallowed it like a fish and kissed me good morning."

He was jubilant. The youngster looked like a freshening daisy with her summer-sky eyes and wan smile.

When Eve summoned us to the table in Sibyl's dining-room, we no longer seemed alone. About us were cheery faces, and across the sea others survived.

"Just as there were people in the land of Nod," reminded Eve.

While we partook of fruit, eggs, toast, yams and crisp lettuce, Kelly resumed his narrative of the people who had lived in the bowels of earth and raised pale earthworms of offspring. His story of Hogarth climbing the shaft chains to liberty when no one responded to the hoisting signal, the rescue of women and children, the mine cows, pigs, pet lambs and a cat would have made heart-pulsing copy for the press. Before he finished Eve and Di were busied at the dishes, Sibyl's share of the meal waited her coming, and Flora slept peacefully in her father's arms.

"Mike Kelly and Pat are not so handsome as Mrs. Cadwell," was Di's summing up, "but they're a heap better than——"

"Hush!" warned her mother. "You mustn't say everything you think."

In Diantha the elemental heathen often arrived at conclusions foreign to the usages of good society. Yet we taught ethics with history, hygiene and mathematics. Our system was original. We created a thirst for knowledge, then satisfied it by means of books, scenarios and field work. Our children were not forced to cram in order presently to earn a living. But they differed in mental ability. Jaqueline, for instance, possessed a slow but terribly retentive intellect. Impressions, to her, were stronger than logic. To the day of her death she will regard Kelly as allied to the bovine species—a veritable cow man.

While Kelly and Pat were with us to assist, we determined, for Flora's sake, to move North to bracing air. Sibyl objected. The South suited her listless nature. But we longed for North-grown products, while an open track and trusty engine would bring us the Southland fruits. So we expeditiously loaded up our modern ark and were on the way. In the dining car we ate at separate tables. Our own group included Kelly and Pat Hogarth, since Sibyl refused associate with plebeians. But Eve, with the assistance of Di and Jaqueline—called Jaq—prepared the meals and looked after the tables. Later, Diantha, the observant, arrived at a definite conclusion.

"There's no justice in Sibyl lolling while we roast," she stated. "Jaq may do as she pleases, but I'm thru. Sibyl may set her own table and make her own beds. She's perfectly able."

Jaq, our happy-go-lucky, hugged old Jean without troubling to state her attitude toward the Cadwell table. Anyhow, Jaq's duties were apt to slip her mind. Therefore Sibyl, at noon, found her table bare.

"This is shameful," Sibyl rebuked my eldest daughter. "You slight your work. Mind, I won't stand for it!"

Before Eve or I, just entering the car, could prevent the act Di sprang to Sibyl's side.

"You're a lazy, useless parasite," said my daughter, in tense speech. "You're a species of leech. You think you're it and we're nobody. But I tell you it's the other way——"

"You impertinent beast!" shrilled Sibyl, but Eve's hand was on Di's heaving shoulder, and together they passed out of the car.

Frank's face, as I glanced his way, registered blank astonishment blended with guilty admiration. Out in the cook's division I convinced my daughter's perceptive mind that love must be tendered Sibyl for her family's sake. The order was difficult. Di's direct, truthful soul was repelled. But her anger was conquered.

"Because Frank has to bear so much I'll help," was the form of her promise. But I knew that spoiled Sibyl would never forgive Di's plain talk, and time proved me right.

In the fertile valleys made famous by Daniel Boone we halted, that Mercy, the cow, and Buck, the steer, might wade knee-high in luscious grass. And while they feasted Frank and I unloaded a roadster and explored the historical region. We found rolling meadows of lush blue grass, immense orchards, self-sown crops indigenous to both North and South. In short, it was the land where the North and South met. For a time we drove along a lake shore, then entered a river road, and thus were led to a veritable paradise. Buildings of architectural beauty sat far back from the encircling river, yet were mirrored on its placid surface. Again these were the homes of wealth and culture. The handsome grounds had been laid out by a master of the art. Concrete steps led down the high bank riverward. Clogged fountains of great beauty gleamed amid riotous growth. Prodigal roses filled the air with their sweet odor. The whole formed a scene of majesty, loveliness and peace.

"This," I told Frank," is the hollow of God's hand. Let us stay."

"It's central," said Frank, summing up its advantage. "We could run trains in any direction. The climate is temperate. Autos could be used twelve months. Looks to me like the middle of plenty and arms reaching for more. I'm willing."

Eve listened to our description of the river-circled home with her velvety eyes wide, questioning, thoughtful. I knew she longed for Morningstar and familiar scenes. Also I knew she would decide upon the midway residence. It was the logical situation for an isolated colony. As we described the buildings Diantha's dark brown eyes were fixed on our faces until Sibyl spoke.

"I'll look the place over tomorrow," she decided.

Diantha's eyes snapped. I wondered what was up. Next morning I found out. It was Di herself. She was up at an unearthly hour. She and Kelly and the roadster were missing.

"What does this mean?" demanded Sibyl. Her china-blue eyes were bright with suspicion. Intuition told her Di's destination—and motive. "If Di takes the house I want she'll be forced to give it up," muttered the lady, and I perceived the trend of her thought.

By means of the big touring car we drove in Di's wake past orchards loaded with peaches and every Northern fruit and noisy with twittering birds. Past the rippling lake, then along the shin-

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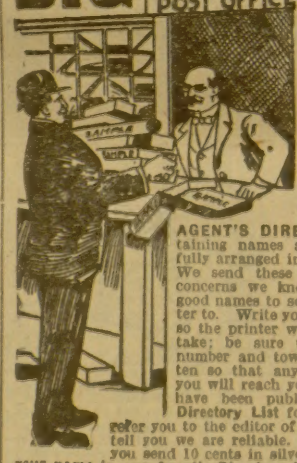

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ing river to a grove of magnolia, cedar and holly. This drew aside like a screen revealing a noble dwelling, whose bay windows rose to the mansard roof, while stately columns supported its broad veranda which followed the curving front. Broad concrete walks swept across the unkempt lawn toward the river and either side to the rear. By the imposing flight of concrete steps that climbed the terrace, pail and broom in hand, stood Kelly.

"Miss Di is helping her ma get settled," he announced.

His gray orbs twinkled. His wide mouth grinned. Next moment Di, with dark hair twisted tight and skirts pinned back, came out on the porch. Her glance passed us and met Sibyl's angry gaze.

"This is our home," affirmed Di, between set teeth. "I'm in possession."

"Possession's nine points in law!" shouted Frank. "It's yours!"

Sibyl choked with rage, but kept silence. Thus upon blue grass sod was grafted an active Kentucky feud.

CHAPTER XVI.

KELLY and young Pat delayed their journey until our two-family colony was again established, but nothing would induce the former to cast his lot with us. Across the sea was a people he wished to teach and aid.

"Some day," promised Frank, in response to his entreaty, "I'll cross over and help educate your subjects."

Frank, being gifted with eternal youth, had vitality enough for two continents. His optimism, high spirits and vehemence were enough to vitalize an empty world. His strength seemed abnormal. He was sound as a dollar, physically perfect. After a day's field labor that wearied me to exhaustion he was keen for tennis or golf. The evening after Kelly's departure I watched him serving balls across the net from Di. His play was brilliant, and he inspired Diantha to superior work. Her cheeks flamed, her eyes glowed. In her white linen dress and canvas shoes she looked a fairy, an animated sprite. Sadly I mused of the future. What was to be the end? I heard Frank's shout.

"Love game," he gloated. "Play up!"

Time passed. Diantha developed into a graceful, willowy creature with eyes like midnight pools and thick, dark hair that she dressed high, while her complexion was rose-leaf and tan. She was defiantly willful, with nothing about her of the meek and lowly. She was honorable, truthful and just; but her justice was two-edged. She claimed for her loved ones what was meted to others. Her sister, Jaq, blossomed into the blue of eyes, the gold of hair and beauty of form due to a copy of my beautiful wife. But she was a rollicking, tomboy sort, with scant pride of dress. Her individual motor car and boat went at a fearful clip. She played a furious game of tennis or golf and pulled her rowboat upstream with bare arms flashing in the sun and gold locks flying in the breeze. Tom, our eldest son, inherited his maternal grandfather's instinct for farming. So he spaded and planted and experimented without suspecting that his occupation was once called menial. His younger brother, Jim, was afflicted with a burning curiosity. Medicine, mathematics, astronomy, geology held him book-bound until Bert Cadwell dragged him into the fields. Narcissa Cadwell was the one fastidious member of our flock. But for her undignified nickname of "Sis," and the rough-and-tumble of her mates, she might have been a second Sibyl.

During leisure hours we had organized a band. Frank mastered the 'cello. Wally's dreamy soul delighted in the violin. Tom, Jim and Jaq managed horns, while others filled in the necessary remainder. Band practice occupied the early hours of evening that nothing might interfere with daylight studies. Their education was conducted along broad lines. Eugenics accompanied grammar. One was as casual as the other. Our children escaped the corruption of a mixed multitude. Their minds were pure. If they erred, the fault was honestly committed and honestly admitted. Yet nature was paving the way for a happening that almost destroyed my faith in God. It came after the affair of Wally and Jaq, and must sift into these pages slowly as the truth dawned upon Eve and myself. But the first story is of Frank's eldest son and our second daughter. One evening during May our band met in the magnolia grove, but found that, as usual, Jaq and Wally were laggards.

"Where is Jaq?" I asked Diantha, but it was our gangling Joyace who answered me.

"Off in the red auto," cried Joy. "Last time Jaq said they lost the spark. This time it'll be a blowout."

Joy was a true prophet. Jaq, glowing like a rose, presently appeared at Wally's side and made that very statement. The two picked up their instruments and played like beings inspired. I thought nothing of it. Doubtless Jaq was glad to have Wally with her when the machine proved fractious. He understood the inner deviltry of a motor as a mother knows her child. Like Frank, he was a born mechanic. That night I spoke of the incident to Eve.

"You don't suppose that Jaq and Wally are spooning, do you?" I began.

"I hope not," Eve said, looking up with troubled eyes. She was rocking our youngest, Robert, a dark-haired boy. "You see, dearie," she reminded me, "it would never do."

I understood. After all the years we had little need of lengthy speech. I knew my wife intended Diantha and Wally to inherit our own happiness—the peace of truly mated souls. She forgot that man proposes and God disposes. After this we noted significant signs. Always Wally had lived much at our home, but now he haunted the premises unless he and Jaq were off on some of her strenuous jaunts.

"Jaq's always fussing with her hair," resented Joyace, whose yellow pigtails Jaq now neglected.

As for Wally his eyes roved, his manner was distraught, until blue-eyed, golden-haired Jaq appeared, whereupon his grave face became transfigured. But toword Di his attitude was that of meeting another lad. They played stiff games of tennis in the manner of boy comrades. So, as we observed the trend of fate, years passed in the flight of time.

Each season trips were made southward for the fruit we coveted, and northward for winter's ice, which we stored for summer. Ohio maples were tapped to yield us golden syrup and luscious sugar. It insured a month of roughing it during March, which delighted the youngsters and seemed to hasten Jaq and Wally's childish love affair. But we said nothing lest we invite disaster. Not even to Frank did I voice my disappointment—luckily. He also presented a problem. His alternate spells of elation and depression mystified me. Then, later——

Courage to transcribe the matter I refer to is lacking; yet it must be written to ease my mind and give the tragedy aloofness. Once more to delay speaking of this I'll write of another matter.

Just two years from the day of that band practice, Wally came to me and asked Jaq's hand in marriage. We talked long. No man ever gave a prospective bridegroom so plain a review of his future duty. I consented to the union. To refuse would have been madness.

"Six weeks from today," I told him, "I'll solemnize your marriage in the church at high noon."

Thruout the years I acted as clergyman, physician and judge. Hence it became my duty to officiate at this first marriage. The intervening weeks held much bustling preparation. Besides renovating Wally's chosen home down the river Frank was constructing a wireless. An abrupt fall in the river had long ago supplied power for a dynamo. Every building was lighted by electricity, while batteries for our 'phones and cars were charged in the powerhouse instead of using gasoline engines as before.

Now a wireless station was being constructed on a mountainous hill. I heard much about an improved coherer, Ruhmkorff coils, spark gaps and other terms that, to me, were Greek. Frank's dream was to visit Kelly's people and send back messages to us via the air. I had paid little attention to their endless experiments, since Tom and I had been setting out Cuthberts and black-caps, besides the usual farming. Albert and Jim brought loads of furnishings from the nearest city for Jaq's establishment, and Jaq became housewifely in tastes and fastidious in demands. At last everything was done to make this June wedding ideal. The white satin gown in which our gold-crowned, blue-eyed girl was clad reminded me of my long-ago bride. The church was a bower of roses. In a voice that trembled, then deepened, I read the service that joined Walter Caldwell and Jaqueline Ward.

Back at our river home we gathered around the marriage feast. Frank's Flora, now nearly 12 years old, was all delicious curves and smiles. Narcissa, in her elaborate frock, looked exactly her sweet 16. I glanced across at Diantha. She was now 20 and looked every year of it—and more. Into her manner had crept masterful decision. Her expression was that of a woman who knows life, something of its dregs. My heart ached. After all, she must have cared for Walter. After the meal ended, I slipped out of the magnolia grove to consider the fancied trouble of my favorite child. Rain had not descended on the bride, but dun clouds rolled upward until the grove was in half-light, and a menacing stillness preceded a downpour. Wearily I sat down on an iron bench by clematis that screened the tennis courts. Next moment I was not surprised to hear Frank speak to Diantha. They were well matched players and were out for a game. Then I became aware that Frank's tones were vibrating from some powerful emotion. I heard his words and the horror of their meaning held me spellbound.

"Diantha," said he, "I can't understand why God blessed and cursed us with unavailing love."

"Mine began in pity," murmured Di's low tones. "I knew you were suffering and I sympathized. It makes me want to shield you. It lifts me to heaven one minute and drives me mad the next. Frank, it's a mystery. What's the answer?"

I shook like one stricken while I waited for Frank to speak. It seemed then as if the angels above listened for his verdict.

"That I must go away at once," said Frank. "Loving you, I can't honorably remain. I'm not needed. Sibyl won't care. It will relieve her of my restricting presence. To you I'll confide the welfare of Flora. As for the other, Diantha, can you—knowing all——?"

"Yes," agreed Diantha in a full, clear voice. "If our love is sin, that care shall be my expiation."

What did she mean? With a heart of lead I stumbled from the place.

Next week's Ledger will contain the concluding chapters of this interesting story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

A Baseball Detective.

(Continued From Page 3.)

not Les Lang had suffered the loss. Each player seemed to take it as a personal affliction that the thing had disappeared—for disappeared it had. There was no question as to that.

In spite of the fact that every man there was eager to get away—some to their homes—others to celebrate their victory in their own way—the clubhouse was not deserted until long after the darkness of night had come.

Lights were turned on, and a systematic search, led by Manager McGrow, was instituted. And it was late when Les Lang spoke in the sullen quiet of the room.

"Boys," he said, "the diamond trophy is gone. But it isn't like a lost game. A lost game is gone forever, but that diamond trophy, representing possibly the proudest moment of my life, is not gone forever. I've made something out of baseball—and other things—this season—and remember this, boys: When we get together again in the spring, to win another pennant and world's series, I trust, I'll have that diamond trophy."

At that moment, beneath the clubhouse, whither he had made his way thru a door of which few knew, a red-faced man heard the tones of the young pitcher's voice. And the determination of that voice brought fear to his heart.

This most interesting story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

Stuck to His Story.

An aged negro was crossing tender at a spot where a fast express had made quick work of a buggy and its occupants. Naturally he was the chief witness and the entire case hinged upon the energy with which he had displayed his signals of warning.

A grueling cross-examination left Rastus unshaken in story. The night was dark, and he had waved his lantern frantically, but the driver of the carriage had paid no attention to it.

Later the division superintendent called the flagman to his office to compliment him on the steadfastness with which he stuck to his story.

"You did wonderfully, Rastus," he said. "I was afraid you might waver in your testimony."

"Nossir, nossir," Rastus exclaimed, "but I done was feared every minute that that 'ere durn lawyer was agwine ter ask me if mah lantern was lit."

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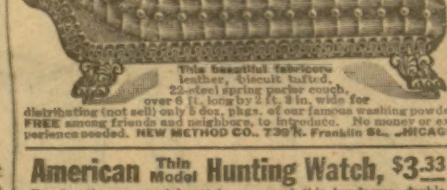

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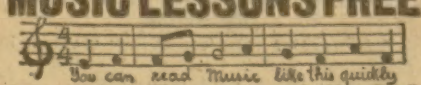

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Dr. Howard James, late of the Manhattan State Hospital of New York and formerly Assistant Physician Brooklyn State Hospital, says:

"Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. A patient of mine remarked to me (after having been on a six weeks' course of Nuxated Iron), **'Say, Doctor, that there stuff is like magic.'**

Gee! That there stuff (Nuxated Iron) acts like magic. It certainly puts the ginger of youth into a man.

"If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. From my own experience with Nuxated Iron, I feel it is such a valuable remedy that it should be kept in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country."

Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. James, is for sale by all good druggists on an absolute guarantee of success and satisfaction or your money refunded.

Man from Klondike—"I have seen potatoes worth their weight in gold."
Woman—"The idea of comparing anything as precious as a potato to mere jewelry!"

Fully Occupied.

"Why don't you get out of debt, Brown?"
"I haven't time. It keeps me busy getting in."

She Was One, Too.

Mrs. Jiggs—"Only fools are positive."
Jiggs—"Are you sure, dear?"
Mrs. Jiggs—"I'm positive of it."

A Trifling Matter.

"I don't want to be inquisitive, nor nuth'n thataway," admitted the neighbor who had come over to borrow a neckyoke. "But what in torment is going on over there in the edge of the timber? Sounds like a convention of catamounts."

"My least boy, Bearcat, started to heckle a nest of hornets a couple of hours ago and got himself stung up considerable," replied Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "The last I noticed he had dug himself into a hollow tree. I judge by the racket that the enemy is still assaulting him in mass formation and that the rest of the children are standing off and asking him if it hurts him much. Looks sorter like"—yaw-w-wn!—"rain, off to the south-ard, don't it?"

The Modest Widow.

Scribblem, the editor of the Mudville Scraper, was a modest man. He believed in modesty—even in journalism. He thought it paid no better for a newspaper than for a man continually to be bragging.

A prospectus was once drawn up for him. There were several blatantly boastful paragraphs in it, and Scribblem ran his pencil thru them all.

"If I let this go," he said, "it would be pretty nearly as bad as the epitaph that the young widow carved on her aged husband's tomb. This epitaph read:

"'Sacred to the memory of John James Greer, aged 84, who departed this life bitterly regretting that he must leave forever the most beautiful and best of wives.'"

THE F. O. T. S.

When Fair Jeannette (Miss Rankin)
In Congress shall arise,
And fix on Mr. Speaker
Those soft, compelling eyes,
And ask for recognition,
She'll get it, without fail,
For the female of the speeches
Is deadlier than the male!

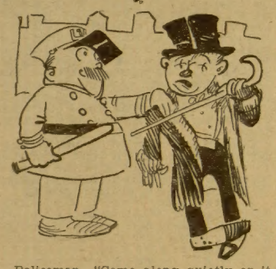
Nor caucus, filibuster
Nor rules can stay her bills
When she throws in the tremolo
And little vocal thrills.
We'll be governed by emotion?
Tut! Tut! Forego the wail—
But the female of the speeches
Is deadlier than the male.

Croaking.

"Won't you please croak like a frog, grandfather?" asked Willie.

"Croak like a frog?" asked the bewildered grandfather, "Why, little man?"

"Because I heard daddy say that when you croaked we would get five thousand dollars."



Policeman—"Come along quietly or it will be the worse for you!"
Man—"I will not. The magistrate told me lasht time nev—never to be br—brought before him again—an', be gosh, I'm goin' to o—obey hish inshtructionsh!"

An Eyewitness.

It occurred in one of the gambling dens of the far West, such as are only to be found in films and fiction. As the group of cowpunchers lost or won huge fortunes on the turn of a pack of greasy cards, a newcomer burst excitedly into the place.

"Heard about Dickson getting shot?" he gasped to his astonished audience.

The cowpunchers gathered round him to hear the news.

"No!" they cried. "When?"

"'Bout half an hour ago," came the reply. "I was there and saw it all."

"Where did he get shot?" was the next question flung at him, while hands tightened ominously on revolver butts.

"Down at the store," chuckled the jester calmly. "He bought a couple of pounds of it."

Easy Enough.

The dance was in aid of some fund or other; but that didn't make it any more interesting to Simpkins, who was clearly in the last stages of boredom.

"Wish I could get my wife to go home," he grumbled to a friend; "but she won't leave till after the last dance."

"I can tell you how to do it," replied his friend.

"How?" asked Simpkins, eagerly.

"It's simple. Just you dance three times in succession with that pretty girl over there in the pale blue dress, and your wife will take you home in a hurry."

"BEN BOLT"---The Kid That You Were Yourself.

Don't you remember the party, Ben Bolt;
The "surprise" when the neighbors flocked in?
With their hullabaloo they got Ma in a stew
And the way that Pa swore was a sin.

The Danger Over.

Mrs. Yearwedd—"John, when we were first married you used always to say grace before meals; you never do it now."

Yearwedd—"I am not so much afraid of your cooking now."

After the Smash.

She (after the automobile accident)—"I don't have a whole bone in my body."

He (disgustedly)—"That's nothing. I don't even have a whole one in my pocket."

Her Attraction.

"They say that Miss Plainleigh is in love with herself."

"Heavens! She must have a pile of money."

The Real Regretter.

"Does your wife regret that she married a poor man?"

"Not half so much as I do."

His Choice.

"What profession do you think your boy Josh will choose?"

"Law," replied Farmer Corntossel. "Josh kin talk louder an' longer when he's got the wrong side of an argument than anybody I ever heard."

Sure.

"Do you know where the little boys go who don't put their Sunday-school money in the plate?"

"Yes'm—to the movies."

The Hypochondriac.

"What do you do when you feel sort of dull and unable to get interested in anything?"

"I try Homer's 'Iliad'."

"Thanks. I'll send right over to the drug store and get a bottle."

Comrades.

She—"Is there anything on earth that clings to a doubtful title like the Kentucky colonel?"

He—"Well, there's the strictly fresh egg."—Judge.

No Money in It.

Patient—"What ails me, doctor? Tell me the worst."

Doctor—"Nothing. That's the worst of it."

Acquainted.

"How well did you know Green?"

"Not well enough to borrow money from him and too well to lend him any."

A DODDERING SERENADE.

An ancient troubadour, I, gayly,
Sit me beside the kitchen fire,
And softly thrum my ukelele
And sing a song of heart's desire.
My love about the place is flitting
(If flit can woman of her size);
Her form is stout, her garb ill-fitting,
But oh, she makes such wondrous pies!

I'm tall and thin and not good-looking,
And she has whiskers on her chin;
But she is matchless in her cooking
And I've a store of worldly tin.
And both of us are done with folly
And we have but ourselves to please,
Come, love; life's evening must be jolly—
Dish up the spring lamb and the peas!

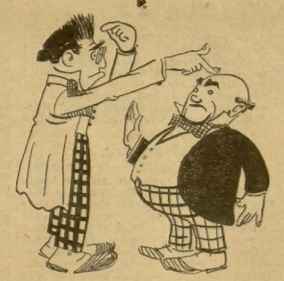
Hasty With His Gun.

New Dentist (in Frozen Dog)—"Will you take gas?"

Broncho Bill—"Will it hurt much if I don't?"

New Dentist—"It will."

Broncho Bill—"Then, stranger, for your sake I reckon I'd better take it."



"I'd be ashamed to have a bald head like yours. Look at my head of hair."

"I just want to ask you one question."

"What is it?"

"Did you ever see grass growing on a busy street?"

His Inheritance.

The Rev. Benjamin Moore, the second bishop of New York, was a man noted in his day for his ready wit—a quality that his wife apparently shared with him.

A dinner was given by some of Governor Morris' friends when he was about to depart for Europe. Bishop Moore and his wife were of the party. In the course of the conversation Mr. Morris observed that since he was going abroad he had made his will, and, turning to Bishop Moore, said to him:

"My reverend friend, I have bequeathed to you my complete stock of impudence."

Bishop Moore replied:

"Sir, you are not only very kind, but you are very generous; you have left me by far the largest portion of your estate."

Mrs. Moore immediately added:

"My dear, you have come into possession of your inheritance remarkably soon."

The Wonders of Science.

A camera man, working for the educational department of a film company, met an old farmer coming out of a house in one of the Middle States, and explained his presence on the place thus:

"I have just been taking some moving pictures of life on your farm."

"Did you catch any of my laborers in motion?" asked the old man, curiously.

"Sure I did."

The farmer shook his head reflectively and then said:

"Science is a wonderful thing!"

What He Waited For.

It was the day before the official visit of the general, and a subaltern had sent the bugler to the regimental orderly room to obtain particulars of the forthcoming visit.

He knocked at the door, entered and stood aside while numbers of officers dashed in and out. The orderly room sergeant swore, the colonel swore and everybody else sighed or gasped, while the telephone buzzed incessantly.

Half an hour passed, then an hour, and the bugler stood against the wall, first on one leg, then on the other, without receiving a moment's attention.

Finally the sergeant turned on him and in tones of brass demanded:

"Well, what the deuce d'you think you're waiting for?"

"For the duration of the war, sir, I think!"

Not Alleged.

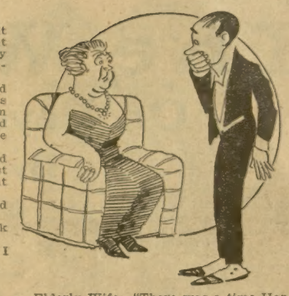
A certain lawyer who was a candidate for a municipal office went out canvassing one day and knocked at a cottage door. The door was opened by a woman.

"Is your husband in, Mrs. ——?" inquired the lawyer.

"No, sir," was the reply; "but I know what you want. My husband is sure to vote for you because you got him off for stealing that ham last week."

"No, no; alleged stealing of the ham," corrected the lawyer.

"Alleged be blowed!" was the woman's smiling reply. "We've got a bit of it left still. Lemme give you a sandwich out of it, sir."



Elderly Wife—"There was a time Horace, when you used to chuck me under the chin sometimes. But you don't do it now!"
Young Husband—"Yes, but you didn't have so many chins then!"

Endless Job.

"Dad, what was the labor of Sisyphus?"

"Sisyphus rolled a stone up a hill, and as fast as he rolled it up it rolled down again. It was a mythological episode. Nothing like that today."

"Oh, I don't know," interposed ma. "Washing dishes is just like that."

Old Bonechisel—"What's the trouble, son?"
His Son—"I'm carving a love letter to Maude Multiskins. Do you spell marriage with a turtledove or a wild cat?"

Distraction.

"My dentist tells me funny stories, but sometimes I fail to see the point."

"Maybe there isn't any point."

"Oh, yes there is, but at those particular times my thoughts are centered on the point of his drill."

Domestic Discussion.

"My husband accuses me of extravagance. I spent ten thousand dollars last year."

"I wouldn't mind being scolded on that basis. I have to stand for the same accusation on twenty dollars a week."

Anticipated Eyesores.

Ma—"I think Josephine had better study painting instead of music, then she won't make any noise practicing."

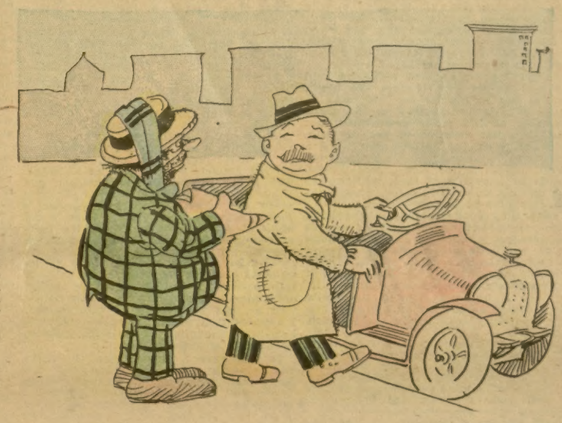
Pa—"Oh, I don't know. There's an end to noise, but pictures will last for years."

Crabshaw Was Partly Right.

Crabshaw—"It's impossible to make a woman happy."

Crawford—"Nonsense. Just give her all the money she can spend."

Crabshaw—"Didn't I just say it was impossible?"



Beggar—"Stranger, I have a sick wife—could you help me out?"
Passerby—"I can give you a job next week!"
Beggar—"Too late. She'll be able to go to work herself by then!"

Sure.

"Do you think we need a new national anthem?"

"What's the matter with the old one?"

"Nobody seems to remember the words. Now, if we had a song all the vaudeville artists would sing, we couldn't help learning it."

Appropriate Headgear.

"I'm a very busy woman. Can you show me a hat right off that will suit me?"

"Yes, madam. Here's the very hat for a busy woman—a beaver."

A Respite.

"Are you looking forward to the summer with pleasant anticipation?" asked the optimistic citizen.

"Yes, indeed," replied the pessimistic person. "A great many people I'm tired of looking at will go out of town for the summer."

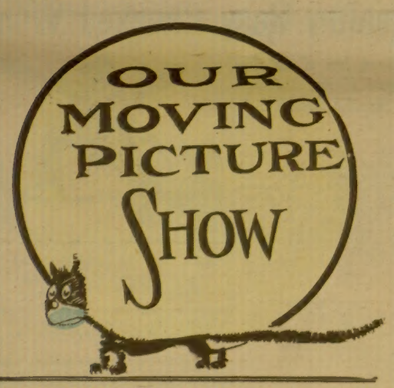
Easy to Sweep.

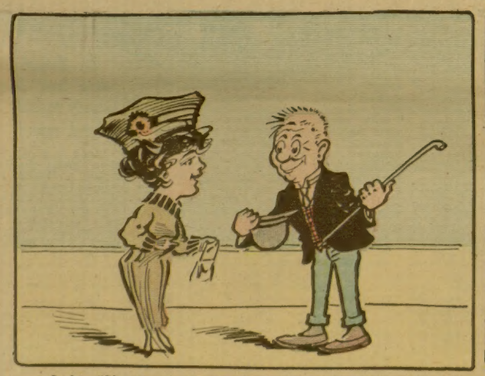
"What is that?"

"A roundhouse. Seems to interest you."

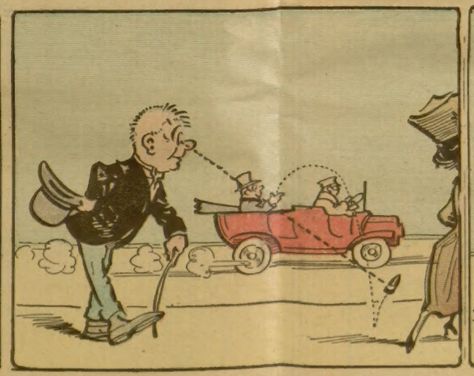
"It does from a housekeeper's standpoint. I have often dreamed of a house like that. No corners to hide dirt."

BILL BLUFFER'S BLUFF

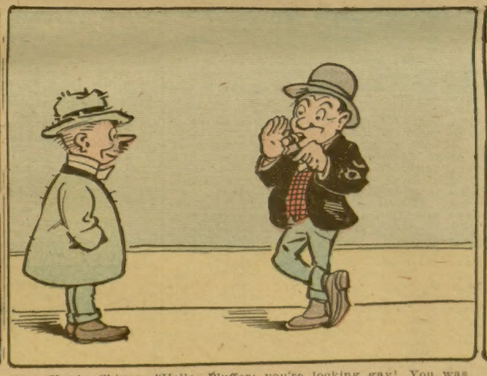




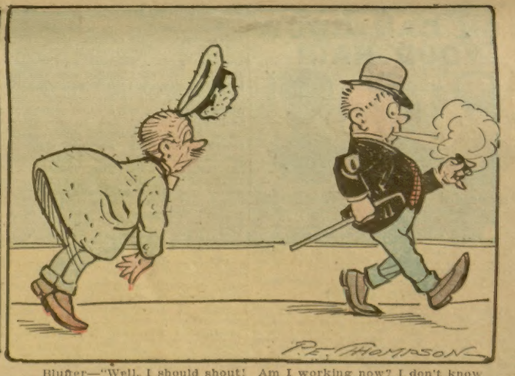
Lady—"Oh, sir, can you direct me to the First National Bank?"
Bill Bluffer—"Most assuredly, madam; it's three blocks down and one block to the right."



Lady—"Thank you so much!"
Bluffer—"Don't mention it, madam, the pleasure's all mine! (Aside) Gee, look at that cigar stub!"



Shorty Shinns—"Hello, Bluffer; you're looking gay! You was out of a job the last time I saw you. Are you working now?"



Bluffer—"Well, I should shout! Am I working now? I don't know if you would call it working or not, for I am a bank director now!"

The War Secret

Or, Beyond Frozen Seas

By E. W. Bateman

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Begun in No. 18, May 5. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XII.

LIKE men dazed, slowly the little party of adventurers filed by the wondering savages and into the fort. It was a rude thing, and seemed to be ages old—carved out of living rock, and with front walls of trees. There, blazing and popping, was a great fire, and to this they all made their way at once. The natives took it as a wonderful sign. They fell on their faces again in worship, and Gallagher's next string of gutturals was questioning. The spokesman for them answered swiftly and at some length.

"'Why do you fall upon your faces, Children of the Sun?' I asked them," he said to Kalmaik, with a grin. "They came back with the news that they had been expecting gods about four thousand years overdue to visit them, and they were sure to recognize the fire from which the very first old sun god sprang. We are the very latest type of household joss in this community."

Kalmaik seemed dazed while he held the girl in his arms before the blaze. It was too wonderful for the mind to grasp. He looked around, in the semi-darkness of the great prehistoric fort shot thru with flashes of the firelight, then at the savage natives who stood a respectful distance from the little group and its guns. They were great-limbed, wonderfully developed men, with hawk-like faces a rich red in color, wholly unlike any race he had ever seen.

That they spoke a tongue the little mate could understand was of course the greatest wonder of all—a language which only one other age-old race on another hemisphere could speak. Dully Kalmaik turned the thing over in his mind, striving to figure something of it. He gave it up, and stroked the girl's hair tenderly as she lay on his arm, her body seemingly drinking in the warmth of the fire.

Gallagher's eyes, set in a face worn thin by privation and toil, saw how the burden of the girl up the mountain climb had taken the last of Kalmaik's strength. "The whole game is up to me," he muttered to himself, glad he could muster strength to play the part.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet, and from his lips tore a call, desert-born and ages old, which seemed to hark back to the very day when men fought from crag to crag of a struggling world for their lives and their mates and their race.

The effect on the savages was marvelous. They shouted back the cry, and Gallagher's soul, with the unselfish joy of the race which had produced him, sang within him and inspired him. He knew the Indian nature, and he felt with all his mind that one great fact—these were Indians!

"Hear me, Children of the Sun," he said quietly, in the low gutturals of their tongue. "We are the gods who have come to rescue you. I am a Son of the Sun, and my Father has heard your prayer. I bring with me a greater god than I, he who holds the club which speaks death quickly. All the others are his servants. He shall rule you, and I shall keep his temple. He loves the Great Sun, my father, and we serve him together. Now we will accept the food you offer."

With wondering eyes and nodding heads they heard him thru. Then the leader spoke.

"And will this great White God save us from the Dog Men who come out of the hills?" he asked.

"How dare you question the gift of our Father?" Gallagher sternly replied. "Know then that the club has many deaths and the Dog Men will die in numbers when his servants do his will. Must I call upon them now to make my own brothers obey their Brother of the Sun?"

Quickly they all bowed again, and Gallagher knew then he had won the greatest battle of all.

In a twinkling the natives disappeared in the vastnesses of the cave and came back with several large bowls. These were filled with a well-cooked and savory soup, thick with meat. The natives set them before their guests and respectfully retired. Like wolves the entire party fell upon it. They ate in silence, Kalmaik feeding the girl, and taking great mouthfuls from the bowl in true primitive fashion—by scooping it out with his hands. Then one by one they dropped upon the earthen floor around the fire and slept as if death had suddenly walked in and touched them all.

It was nearly a full turn of the clock before Kalmaik awoke, realizing that the whole band were in a most undignified position for a new brand of pagan deities. He felt like a new man, tho, and aroused Gallagher. The latter awoke with a grunt, swore viciously and in a most unpriestly way, and then stirred himself with a grin at Kalmaik. The latter roused Doctor Philpott, but they let the girl and the tired crew sleep on. The natives had formed a guard around them, but it kept a respectful distance. The life of the fortress—for such it proved to be—went on about them as usual.

"Gentlemen, our position here is so unusual that we might compare it to a trip to Mars," said Kalmaik. "We should determine here and now what our policy will be, but we need more information. I suggest that Gallagher spend the next half-hour learning everything possible about this strange country."

It was agreed, and it took the little mate longer than was expected. He knew the language, but there were terms and local conditions of which he could have no grasp. When he finally came back to the others, his face bore a grave look.

"Being the patron saint of this domain is going to be a little more than a man's job," he said. "So much has been told me I do not know where to begin."

The others nodded sympathetically, and he continued.

"This fort is the very outlying post of the nation," he began. "It is a race of people older than our little old world back yonder ever dreamed. Right now they are fighting for their very existence against terrible beasts, and a race they call Dog Men, who live in the hills of the far southern portion. It has been going on, from what they tell me, for the last fifteen thousand years, when the sun god quit them cold. It might have been just in its last stages then, but the score-keeping only began there. They speak a tongue which is nearest that of the first man I can imagine. I thought the Hopi tongue was the oldest, and it is—in North America. But this goes back beyond the count of time.

"Their country is well developed, is fairly cool in the summer and rigorously cold in the winter, about on a par with the far Arctic winters and summers, I suppose. These people are all fighters by necessity, but they are also herders of some of the native beasts, a large number are farmers with some success, and the hunters are in the majority. They have built stone houses—that is worthy of note particularly—and at places great temples for the worship of the Sun, their god. The population, I have estimated by their own rude count, is about one hundred thousand and dwindling fast. The rest of it is just guesswork. We must go and see for ourselves."

Kalmaik was silent, and Doctor Philpott took up the thought.

"Things you have learned are highly significant," he said. "These are probably descendants of the oldest people in the world, of the oldest continent of the world. I have noted several names which have escaped you all. These mountains we have climbed are highly volcanic in their nature and probably active now. The entire country is likely shut in with like ranges, which at the very beginning of things firmly resisted in their very strength the glacial sweep. This was possibly a part of South America, and was cut off ages ago by those glaciers and the cooling of the earth from the poles. With all the world growing, this alone maintained itself like it was in the beginning. We stand, gentlemen, in the very cradle of the world!"

Kalmaik, with thoughts running riot in his mind, still did not answer. They both regarded him expectantly before he spoke.

"It seems we have a duty to perform for these people," he said. "I am convinced that Gallagher has made the right start, and our safety depends on our ability to maintain our supernatural reputations. Yet I cannot help but feel we are turning our backs upon the world when we enter. Are we ready to do it? I for one think there is no choice."

They bowed their heads in assent.

"Here's to the new rulers, then," Kalmaik said, "of the Cradle of the World."

CHAPTER XIII.

IT WAS decided by Kalmaik and Gallagher that their march should begin at once for the inland. Not only was the mountain climate so rigorous that they could not stand it, but they were assured that there were a great number of towns to visit on the way, and that the people must be instructed of the strange but mighty gods who had come to rule them. So a start next day was planned.

The leader of the fort viewed his wounded leg rather proudly, taking it as an honor to get the first example of what the new gods might do. He assigned from his force in the fort about fifty men to form a guard of honor, and they were placed at the disposal of Gallagher, whom they had named Malichuxpique.

"It means Born of the Sun," Gallagher explained, with one of his grins. "I'm the highest priest of the country, and just as good as a ruler-god like you!" he said to Kalmaik.

The latter had been given the name of Allequixson, which Gallagher had much trouble to translate even liberally. He finally discovered it meant mighty, and assured leadership. Miss Philpott was called Malitheron, and Gallagher laughingly told her and Kalmaik what that meant to them. "Beautiful Princess is what it would be in English. They take it for granted you are going to share the throne with the man who brought you here."

A deep blush spread over the girl's face, and she smiled shyly.

Soon after starting they were dropping down from the mountain pass over a well-worn trail to the floor of the valley, which Doctor Philpott estimated was fully six miles below. They passed thru mighty forests of great trees, quite like the American continent's except for their general and colossal size. The streams were all frozen, and Gallagher learned from their guides that they remained so except for a very short portion of the year. It was then, according to their own count, early October, and well into the Antarctic winter season which held tight sway over the little continent.

"The effects of the winters are held off by the high mountain ranges and the volcanoes which are still alive," Doctor Philpott said, pointing to the high ranges above, and the several peaks which gave out at some points lazy curls of smoke. "This whole country exists alone from that important fact. It could not freeze, because here was a nest of volcanic action which reached the very bowels of the earth, and resisted every attack of the glacial period."

That night the party camped on the trail, and the next day they reached a village. It brought the first test for Kalmaik.

It was a wonderful sight to the little party of marchers, this first town of the new continent. The houses were built of stone, and solidly constructed, to keep out the cold winds and the snow. In the center was a great temple of stone, with an open court, which held in the center a rude stone altar.

"I have seen such things in far southern Mexico," said Doctor Philpott. "They were older than the Inca, the first race of America with a clear history Gallagher, you are bound to be right in the importance of our discovery."

There was little time for speculation. A member of the guard had dashed ahead to tell the village of the coming of the new party, and the entire population turned out in force. They gathered in the temple court, and one of the guard of honor, who seemed to be a leader, spoke briefly to them.

"He is telling them of you and what you will do for them," he said to Kalmaik. "This is about like a presidential speaking tour."

Gallagher followed him and spoke to them also. It was the same story he had advanced before, and in respectful silence they heard him. Then the head man of the village stepped forth and with bowed head addressed Gallagher in reply.

"Holy smoke, but this is a facer!" he said to Kalmaik, after the reply had been finished. "He says that only this morning a huge beast came down upon the village and killed three women and a child. He wants us to go out and hunt it down, and is willing to furnish us a good trail to its vicinity, which is only about one hour away from here. If we put an end to this pest, they are more than willing to accept us. If not—well, it will not matter which gets us, the beast or the natives."

Kalmaik made up his mind instantly. "I will go after this beast alone," he said. "If it should prove too much for the rifle, then you will remain to protect—the others." His pause was significant.

Gallagher started to protest, but he saw stern resolve written upon the face of Kalmaik, and he knew it was useless. He checked his words.

Under instruction from Kalmaik, Gallagher accepted the challenge of the head man of the village very quietly, that Miss Philpott might not suspect from the excitement there was something unusual on foot. The villagers were deeply impressed with his casual manner, and Gallagher saw a great advantage in this course. It was but a few moments later that a little party, headed by the village chief, was leading Gallagher and Kalmaik away to the den of the monster which had just swooped upon the village.

They moved rapidly, and it was not more than an hour's hunt over the rugged foothills near the village before the leader signaled for a stop. He spoke rapidly to Gallagher, who interpreted.

"He says at the head of this little valley," Gallagher told Kalmaik, "is the den of this big brute, under some rocks which form a natural cave."

Kalmaik surveyed the scene carefully and decided a straight approach was all that was possible. He looked carefully at his rifle and saw that it was in good shape. Then he held out his hand to Gallagher.

"If I do not come out again," he said quietly, looking his comrade in the eyes, "pledge me your word, Joel Gallagher, that you will see her thru."

Gallagher's reply was a hearty grip, and Kalmaik swung off over the snow crust directly thru the forest to the mouth of the cave, which he could see directly at the head of the little valley. He looked back but once, and saw, carefully concealing themselves behind trees, the natives watching the outcome of the quest. Gallagher stood where Kalmaik had left him.

Without hesitancy Kalmaik advanced until he stood within easy range of the cave. Then he dropped his air of carelessness and became the hunter of the cave beast. His rifle ready, his face drawn with the tensity of the foe unknown, the American's strong body unconsciously assumed the attitude of the first men, and swung low to the ground, menacing every crackling brush with quick turns and darting eyes. In another moment he was within easy earshot of the cave. He raised his voice and shouted, a call which bounded off the echoing cliffs like the roar of a cannon shot.

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in good stead, he knelt quietly in the path of the oncoming beast, and the crack of his repeating rifle was as steady as the machine gun. He knew the effect of the stroke of one of those bullets and the execution of many of them fired into the same object.

From their first battle on the ice fields had Kalmaik learned a lesson, and the head of the great beast was gory when it stumbled and fell only ten feet away from him. Another soft-nosed bullet sped from the gun into its head, and Kalmaik sank down upon a howlder to wipe the beads of sweat which sprang suddenly from his brow. His task was done.

Down the valley Gallagher and his party came running, and a great shout went up when they saw him sitting there unharmed. In awe and wonder the natives bowed their heads to Kalmaik and to Gallagher, who carried one of the magic "clubs of fire" also. And they cried joyously over the slaying of the great beast before them.

"It is, according to its general appearance, a cave bear," said Kalmaik to Gallagher, who stood surveying the monster. "It is a species extinct in America for thousands of years."

And so it was. Its great body was fully sixteen feet from tip to tip, and one blow from its paw would have slain an elephant. Its jaws, gaping wide in death struggle, would have taken a human head in a single gulp. Its great, shaggy sides showed the scars of many conflicts with the beasts and men of that strange land.

The village chief came forward, and kneeling in the snow, kissed the hand of Kalmaik, then raised the arm of the wondering American, palm outward, to the pale rays of the Antarctic sun above them.

"He is swearing the allegiance, by the God of the Sun, to you," said Gallagher, solemnly. "Kalmaik, you are a king from this time on!"

CHAPTER XIV.

SOMETHING of the grave responsibility of what they were undertaking as the result of the whim of chance swept over Kalmaik, as he and his party marched onward to the City of the Sun, noted by each village and town thru which they passed as the head of their crude tribal government but well-formed religious ideals. It took them four days and, preceded by a messenger from the first village, it was a triumphal entry for the little party of ragged adventurers. There were many little groups of stone dwellings on the way, and some of them had grown into large villages, like the first they had encountered. The word had gone ahead that a destroyer of beasts and potential end to the Dog Men had been sent by their Great Father, the sun.

There was a tremendous surprise waiting for them at the City of the Sun. Kalmaik and the others expected to see only a village, but what they found was a city of stone dwellings and a higher class of inhabitants from all others. The temples were mighty structures of the enduring native rock, and of such strength as puzzled the scientific mind of Doctor Philpott to find how they were built.

There was a great crowd awaiting their arrival, and the demonstration was remarkable, one which lingered in the mind of Kalmaik all the years of his life. The simple adoration of the people impressed him with the great responsibility that was his.

With great solemnity, after the procession had moved thru the twisting streets of the city, a body of high priests, clad in fur robes of a fineness none of them had ever seen before, took them to the main temple. There, within its great walls, Kalmaik and Gallagher knelt before the great stone altar, and took the oath which made them literal rulers of a continent and a race.

The scene was a strange one, unreal, and novel to the entire party. The great temple was crowded with warriors, herders and hunters and their families, making a background of humanity for the queer drama. The priests of the sun god they worshiped, chanting in wild, weird strains of music, lent an air of the mystic. Kneeling there before a pagan deity, worshiped by thousands as a demi-god himself, Richard Kalmaik suddenly thought of the homeland far away, and wondered vaguely if they could ever return.

Gallagher had one duty which was quickly performed. He had placed in a strong stone house, well guarded, Lisenger and his men, with instructions to the guard to brain the first man who attempted to escape. He returned to the temple, led by his guard of honor from the fort, just in time to be assigned one of the rooms apportioned to Kalmaik. Doctor Philpott had another, while Kalmaik placed Miss Philpott in the one innermost of them all, so that an intruder could have to pass Gallagher, Doctor Philpott and himself before reaching her.

Then came to Kalmaik one of the greatest trials of his life. The girl, maintaining a silence she had scarcely broken in all the trip from the mountain border, met his eyes squarely when he took her to the room, and the same candor of old shone there.

"We cannot go on like this," she said frankly. "Richard"—he thrilled with the way she spoke his name—"we must reach some common ground where we will both be safe."

"I know," he whispered back, his face white with the sudden play of emotion. "I understand how you feel. You are legally married to him, and there is no power in all God's world in this forsaken corner of the universe which can take him out of your life. I understand only too well." He bent his head in silence, while the bitterness of his lot showed in its lines.

The girl came close to him and put both hands upon his shoulders. "You are not a quitter, Richard Kalmaik," she whispered to him fiercely. "Neither am I. We come of a race which does not know how to quit. I didn't mean that you shouldn't——" Quite suddenly she buried her head on his shoulder, and he caught her close to him and stroked her hair.

"I'm always going to love you, dear," he said to her quietly. "You came into my life free of any coils that might have kept my love from you. You trusted me and liked me, and when I told you the one dark thing in my life, you comforted and helped me. From that moment I felt I loved you. When I learned your secret, I knew that I did, and that I was not doing wrong. You love me, do you not?" She nodded her head emphatically. "Then we shall wait always for our chance."

She lay in his arms quietly, catching her breath in little gasps. After a moment she reached up with both hands and pulled his lips down to hers and kissed him softly.

Gently he let her go, but she clung to his hands. Then came to Richard Kalmaik a thought which shone thru his face like a glow of flame.

"We are in a strange land," he said to her. "But we came alone and we can go back alone. If we can make careful preparation and take plenty of supplies, we can make the return trip to the Virginia. When the ice fields break up next June, we have a fighting chance to get her out and into the open sea again. Are you with me to try?"

She smiled at him tremulously, but it lighted her face with hope. "But, dear, what of him?" she asked. "He would stand in the way."

"Not for long," Kalmaik answered sternly. "Our country wants him for the spy that he is. The law will free you automatically of any stain his name or conviction might bring. Then you become"—he smiled at her with his heart in his eyes—"my wife!"

With a glad little cry she sprang into his arms again, and let him kiss her face and hands. Then she became quite grave.

"We must not, dear," she whispered. "I love you, but for the sake of the others we must be just two people, and also for our own sakes. Promise me now you will never take me in your arms again until I am free." She pleaded with her eyes.

"Malitheron, Beautiful Princess," he whispered to her, "I'll do anything you say and think best. Tell me, tho," he went on, "what did they call you—back there?" He pointed figuratively to the world so far away.

She smiled at him quaintly. "I had an old-fashioned grandmother," she said. "Mother wanted to put Rose in front of it, but——"

"Then, like that grandmother, I'll call you—just Mary," he said. "Good night, sweetheart, and remember, we will start for our home and happiness when the winter wanes."

With a last smile for him she stepped back into the darkness of her room.

CHAPTER XV.

IT WAS not many weeks before Kalmaik and Gallagher were firmly established in the daily lives of the native city as its virtual rulers. Guarded by the little band of fifteen with their rifles and a plentiful supply of ammunition, there was no danger of sudden uprising and attack, and, indeed, there was no indication of one. The superior intelligence of the white men aided the natives in many ways, and it was not long before Kalmaik had a real system of government, and himself as judge settled many disputes which had usually closed with a battle of stone clubs and spears.

Gallagher and Kalmaik found the natives intelligent in a manner, and very skilled in the use of their rude weapons. They taught them as rapidly as possible the simple things in concerted action and Gallagher, trained for two years in the Navy, decided the best form of training for men armed with crude weapons was a phalanx. Day after day he drilled them, and then went from village to village, training them there likewise. Kalmaik and the others aided in every way possible. Gallagher stressed the importance of this.

"Somewhere in those mysterious hills," he often said to Kalmaik, "there is a strange lot of half-beast, half-man things which will suddenly swoop down upon this country. That is the one sure thing fixed in the minds of local historians. They come every year when things in their own wild section get dull from the winter's coat of snow and ice. They are on the hunt for food and they're not particular. Man, woman, child or beast that falls in their way is devoured. They come in thousands, and we must be prepared to resist them and do real damage to them also."

"What do these brutes look like?" Kalmaik had asked him, and from the natives Gallagher had learned that they were like gorillas in type and strength. They were carnivorous to a degree, he and Doctor Philpott agreed from the description, and only slightly advanced in the human scale. The natives said they fought with rude clubs and their teeth, and were cowardly unless hunting in great droves or were met by only a small number of the tribesmen.

Gallagher as an organizer showed splendid efficiency. He had sentries on every hill watching for the Dog Men, and relay messengers on the line of villages toward the City of the Sun. They had instructions not to spare themselves in their dash to him if the danger should show itself.

He and Kalmaik also found that the great trouble before had been that the natives had fought against the Dog Men by villages and had failed to stem the tide. They remedied this mistake quickly by levying an army in small groups from each village and leaving a majority of fighting men for the protection of the homes and to hunt for the game needed to keep the women and children well fed. The army at the City of the Sun swelled under this recruiting system very rapidly. Within two months after their advent to the continent, Gallagher estimated he had a body of five thousand wonderful fighting men, armed with stone spears and clubs and able to keep in hollow square drill over rough ground and at a quick pace. Kalmaik had learned the language very rapidly, and was able also to give commands.

"We are ready for almost anything except a modern army," said Gallagher. "The main thing now is to keep them occupied until something breaks loose."

This seemed rather hard. Weeks passed and the sentries reported nothing from the hills. The little army grew restless and savage-like, the men begged Gallagher for a chance to disperse and go to their homes. He sternly refused them, but he himself was getting rather bored by the inaction. It was only after his rude check of the passing days—made by the winding of his watch—told him that the New Year of his own land had been passed, that the message came.

He and Kalmaik, clad in the rough but warm skin suits of the natives, were at the temple for the daily hearing of all disputes and needs of the people shortly after dawn of an Antarctic day. They had received several natives, when suddenly there dashed into the temple a native warrior, panting for breath and covered with fine-spun snow. Gallagher saw at a glance that the man had been on the trail for hours, and divined that the long-expected attack had come.

The messenger bowed before the two men, who had hastily arisen.

"You need not speak, my brother," Gallagher said shrewdly, knowing it was a good time to impress the natives present with their supernatural powers. "We know what has happened. The Dog Men are coming."

The native eyes opened wide in wonder.

"Fear not," he told them, extending his hands above their bowed heads. "The time has come when the clubs of fire shall strike them. Never again will they raid your land."

Within an hour the little mate and his captain had their native force under way at a rapid pace for the south, to meet and repel the menace which they had never seen before.

This strange story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

Molly's Mother.

"Molly, love," said Molly's smart mother, "I do hope when we're at Mrs. Jimson's this afternoon, that you won't think of letting out that terrible story about the poor dear vicar's wife that we heard yesterday."

"Oh, of course not, mother! It would be so wicked, as well as ungenerous. I shouldn't dream of speaking evil of any one."

"Quite right, my dear—quite right! You always have such nice feelings about everything! Besides, I want to tell Mrs. Jimson myself!"

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DR. M. NEY SMITH, Specialist, 525 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

Large List, Dialogs, Entertainments, Recitations, Drills. PLAYS Catalogue Free
T. S. DENISON & CO. Dept. 6 Chicago, Ill.

Boys! Earn $1.00 to $5.00 a Week
selling The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger, Farming Business and Lone Scout. These are the greatest weekly papers, and people in every town want some one they can buy from each week. We send the papers all in one bundle so that they come to you at one time, on Friday. You have a paper to sell to every man, woman or boy. Easy to sell and build up a route of steady customers. Only one report for you to make out each week. You make 2c on every nickel you take in for sale of Blade, Ledger, 1c on each sale of Farming Business, and 1c on each Lone Scout you sell. You can't lose. You don't send us any money until you sell the papers. Each active agent for our papers is appointed a Lone Scout by Chief Totem of the Lone Scouts, who sends badge and certificate of membership and a booklet of instructions in this great organization. Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agent's outfit. We tell you how to get started.
W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL. Send This Coupon Today
I accept the agency for your 4 papers. Send me as many copies of each as you think I can sell the first week. I will be pleased to receive my certificate of membership in the Lone Scouts and badge and booklet of instructions from Chief Totem.
Name .....
Street or R. F. D. No. .....
Age ..... Town ..... State ..... S. B.

There's a Reason.

Young Adolphus de Milyuns was out driving his own car. He was a scorcher and believed in going straight ahead. It was in the heart of the Berkshires.

Suddenly a terrific clucking under the wheels told him some accident had happened. He pulled up and glanced back. Two fowls lay dead in his track, while another two were fleeing, screeching, back to home and safety.

"That'll be $12, please," remarked a burly man in corduroys, who appeared on the scene promptly; "that's $3 apiece for the four."

"Four!" gasped Adolphus. "But I only killed two."

"That's right," agreed the fowls' owner; "but them other two will never lay a blessed egg after this."

"I'm sorry," said the motorist, as he handed over the money. "Due to the fright, I suppose?"

The countryman shook his head as he pushed the bills into his pocket.

"Partly fright," he agreed, slowly, "but mainly it's because they ain't hens!"

* * *

Corn and Rye.

"I've got an awfully witty wife," boasts Solomon Beach. "I get most of my good stuff from her, to tell you the truth. Sometimes, tho, her wit is a bit too sharp for comfort. Now, the other evening I came home feeling sort of mean. I had a corn that was raising thunder with me, and I wasn't in the best of humor. Well, I came limping up the walk and my wife stood at the door, eying me suspiciously.

"'What makes you walk so funny?' she said.

"'Corn!' I snapped, grouchily.

"'Oh,' she said, turning away, 'I thought maybe it was rye.'"

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500 N. Dearborn St. CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS WANTED

STOP HERE—JUST OUT—EISEN REGUlator for Ford headlights. Selling like wildfire everywhere. Gives splendid driving light at low speed—keeps bulbs from burning out—works entirely automatically. Needed on every Ford. Big profits quick. Listen: Hopkins, Tenn., cleared $16.20 first day. McFarland, Nebr., made $6,492 in 17 weeks. Siler, Okla., sells 12 a day—profit $20. No experience or capital needed. We show you how. Sales guaranteed. Hurry, don't delay; write now for special information how you can make money. Address Eisen Instrument Co., 639 Valentine Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

AGENTS—MANAGERS—READ THIS: NEW invention, just out. Perrin Automatic Regulator for Ford Headlights. Big light at low speed. Will not affect the motor. No change in wiring—no holes to bore. Sells on sight—big money maker. Not sold in stores. Hawkins, N. Y., cleared $93 one week. Joebel, Minn., made $21 one day. Retails only $2.00. Complete sample postpaid $1.00. Write today for details of special offer. Address Perrin Mfg. Co., 963 Woodward, Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS: BIG HIT: OUR 5 PIECE ALUMInum Set is all the rage. Cheaper than enamel ware. Sells like wildfire. Guaranteed 20 years. Retail value $5.00. You sell to housewives for only $1.98. Biggest seller of the age. 9 sure sales out of every 10 shown. Others cleaning up $10.00 to $20.00 a day. Answer this quick to secure your territory. Div. N N. 5, American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Lemont, Ill.

SWELL SUIT FREE—WE WILL GIVE A fine made-to-measure suit to one wide-awake man in each town, to advertise our elegant made-to-measure clothes. You can make $25.00 extra every week and get your own clothes free. Write at once and be the first to get details of this startling offer. Spencer Mead Company, Dept. 1162, Chicago.

AGENTS—100% PROFIT THREE-IN-ONE Shoe Brush, Polish, dauber and shiner—all in one. Costs only 1-6 of cent a shine. Write quick for territory and free pocket sample. Fountain Shoe Brush Co., 1411 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

FLAG EMBLEMS FOR WINDOW PANES, automobile wind shields and headlights. Selling like wildfire—Something new—Retail price and samples to agents 25c, 12 for $2.00 Quantity discounts. Translucent Medalyun Co., Fisher Bldg., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL OXYGENOS, the new disinfectant in tablet form for general use. New company, new product, agent opportunities unlimited. Send 25c for tablet and prospectus. The Oxygenos Laboratory Co., 110 W. For Street, Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS! QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS! Outfit free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Hosiery, Underwear and General Dry Goods. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. DA, 425 Broadway, New York.

$50 WEEKLY AND UP SELLING MEXICAN Diamonds. Exactly resemble genuine; same rainbow fire; stand tests; sell at sight; repeat orders. Write quick for sample case offer free. Mexican Diamond Importing Co., K. J., Las Cruces, New Mexico.

LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS REPREsentatives to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 586 Broadway, New York City.

GET DAVIS' LATEST PROPOSITION. $15.00 daily a cinch. No matter how often you have answered my advertisements in last 20 years, get my 1917 "Prosperity Offer." E. M. Davis, Dept. 609, 900 Lake, Chicago.

AGENTS—I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

FLOWER BEAD NECKLACES SELLING like hot cakes. Agents coining money. Send for catalog and proposition. Mission Bead Co., 2819B, W. Pico, Los Angeles, Calif.

YOUNG MAN, WOULD YOU ACCEPT A tailormade suit just for showing it to your friends? Then write Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 563, Chicago, and get beautiful samples, styles and a wonderful offer.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707 C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

RELIABLE MEN TO HANDLE MY 1917 "Business Guide." Sells everywhere. Beginners clear $7 per day. 50% commission. Outfit free. Prof. Nichols, Box B, Naperville, Ill.

AGENTS—LISTEN: MILLIONS OF POSSIble buyers for Baker's Puncture Seal. Prevents punctures; exclusive territory; big profits. Baker Products Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

HELP WANTED

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

WANTED—MEN-WOMEN. $75.00 MONTH. List government jobs open—free. Franklin Institute, Dep't C 28, Rochester, N. Y.

$35 WEEKLY COLLECTING NAMES AND addresses. Send stamp. Ursus Company, Dept. A2, Chicago, Ill.

MALE HELP WANTED

WORK FOR UNCLE SAM. HE IS THE best employer. Big pay, sure work, easy hours, long vacations, rapid advance. Thousands of jobs open this year. I will help you get one. Write for my big free book, DY-1034, today. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP—(Continued)

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—MEN-WOMEN 18 or over, U. S. Government jobs. War means many vacancies. $75 to $150 month. Write immediately for list positions now obtainable. Franklin Institute, Dept. C 30, Rochester, N. Y.

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL, POST OFfice, rural carrier "exams" everywhere soon. Get prepared by former Government civil service examiner. Booklet free. Arthur Robert Patterson, Rochester, N. Y.

NO STRIKE: 8 HOUR DAY. MEN EVERYwhere. Firemen, brakemen, baggagemen, $120. Colored porters. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

DON'T PREPARE FOR ANY CIVIL SERVice examination without seeing our catalogue. Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world. Experience unnecessary. European American Detective Institute, 400 Syndicate, St. Louis.

NATIONAL DETECTIVE AGENCY WANTS young man in each county to learn and do detective work. Write P. Q. Box 867, Pittsburg, Pa.

CHAUFFEURS GET $25 WEEK. LEARN while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. C 809, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 820 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

HUSTLERS — WE PAY 25C EACH FOR names. Secure contract. Instant Vulcanizer, Dept. 30, Chicago.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

GIVEN TO ANY WOMAN. BEAUTIFUL 100 piece gold dec. dinner set for distributing (not selling) only 5 doz. pkgs. Diamond Dust Soap Powder free among friends. No money or experience needed. New Method Mfg. Co., 740 N. Franklin St., Chicago.

WOMEN—START DRESSMAKING BUSIness in your homes. $25 week earned. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. C 854, Rochester, N. Y.

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $25 to $50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb.

GUARANTEED HOSIERY SELLING FROM mill earns $5.00 a day for our representatives. No capital or experience needed. B. Weber Mills, Nicetown Station, Phila., Pa.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITERS!—STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONG POEMS WANTED—FOR BEST OFFER submit manuscript to Needham Music Co., D-44, St. Louis, Mo.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED ON CASH and royalty basis. Inventors and manufacturers write at once. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 2044 Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Actual search and patentability report free. Send sketches and description, or model, of your invention. My patent sales service gets full value. 1917 edition ninety-page patent book free. George P. Kimmel, 260 Barrister Building, Washington, D. C.

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

"PATENTS AND PATENT POSSIBILITIES" is a 72-page treatise telling what to invent and where to sell it. Manufacturers constantly writing for patents. Help supply the demand. Books free. H. S. Hill, 933 McLachlen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

INVENT SOMETHING; YOUR IDEAS MAY bring wealth. Free book tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our credit system. Talbert & Parker, 4276 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT. ADVICE AND Books Free. Highest references. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F St., Washington, D. C.

MONEY IN PATENTS. PATENTS SEcured or fees returned. Booklets free. Send sketch for free search. P. H. Pattison & Company, U. S. Patent Attorneys, 425 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE FOR SIX MONTHS—MY SPECIAL offer to introduce my magazine, "Investing for Profit." It is worth $10 a copy to any one who has not acquired sufficient money to provide necessities and comforts for self and loved ones. It shows how to become richer quickly and honestly. Investing for Profit is the only progressive financial journal and has the largest circulation in America. It shows how $100 grows to $2,200; write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 453, 28 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

INVESTORS MAGAZINE FREE TO YOU. $10 invested with us has made others $290.00 in few months. "Hoffman's Investment Journal," tells how this was done. This magazine gives facts about the real earning power of money. Tells how many have started on the road to fortune. We will send it three months free. If you want to make money, write for this magazine today. Hoffman Trust Company, 677 Carter Building, Houston, Texas.

THE TEXAS INVESTOR — ILLUSTRATED magazine 3 months free; gives facts and interesting information about greatest boom in history of Texas monster gusher oil fields; also big complete map of proven and prospective fields. Get this vital information before you invest a single dollar. Learn how to invest for greatest safety and quick action. C. C. Cannan, Editor, 657 Chronicle Bldg., Houston, Tex.

GET YOUR SHARE OF THE MILLIONS BEing made in oil fields at Sourlake, Texas; $1 down, $1 monthly nine months buys lot with interest in cooperative well. May make you $10,000. Send for free maps, particulars and proof. Mid-Western Offices, Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 2812 Ann, St. Louis, Mo.

INVESTORS WARNING—DON'T INVEST 1 cent until you read Successful Finance and learn how fortunes are made and lost by investors; free trial subscription. Successful Finance, 638 B Federal St., Chicago.

INVEST IN GOLD AND SILVER MINES, showing promise of raising another crop of millionaires. Address, Midwest Investment Bureau, 682 Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

AUTO TIRES AND TUBES

30X3½ NONSKID GUARANTEED TIRE, $10.00; 30x3 nonskid guaranteed tire, $8.00; 30x3 or 30x3½ Universal tube, $2.25. Terms—Cash 2%, or net C. O. D. Para Auto Tire Company, 1423 Michigan Av., Chicago.

GAME-FOWLS

INVINCIBLE GAME FOWLS, GRACEFUL gamey beauties. Healthiest, hustlers, profitable. Pheasant flavored flesh. Winter layers. Illustrated circular free. Alfred Graham, Moultrie, Ga.

FARMS WANTED

I HAVE CASH BUYERS FOR SALABLE farms. Will deal with owners only. Give full description, location and cash price. James P. White, New Franklin, Mo.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

LAND OPPORTUNITY! INQUIRE ABOUT my easy way to get a farm home in Michigan's fruit and clover belt. 10 acres for $250. $5 down, $4 monthly. General farming, stock, vegetables, poultry, fruit. Good towns, schools, churches. I insure you while you are buying and help you start farming. Big booklet free. Owner, George W. Swigart, X1245 First Natl. Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

VIRGINIA, N. C., W. VA., AND OHIO FARMS at $15.00 per acre and up offer big value for the price. Best climate, markets, schools and transportation. Good land and neighbors. Write F. H. LaBaume, Agrl. Agt. N. & W. Ry., 248 Arcade, Roanoke, Va.

MISSOURI LAND

POOR MAN'S CHANCE—$5.00 MONTHLY buys 40 acres productive land; near town, healthy location, price $200. Box 425-S, Carthage, Mo.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

$50.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY. START WITH small capital. No experience needed. Guaranteed machine. Complete outfits. Write for particulars. Monarch Film Service, Dept. C, 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

$35.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY. SMALL CAPITAL starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog Free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., Franklin Bldg., Chicago.

NAMES

WE PAY 25c EACH FOR NAMES AND ADdresses. Send dime for contract. Directory, Grand Rapids, Mich.

OLD COINS WANTED.

WILL PAY $75.00 FOR 1884 TRADE DOLlar. 10 cents for 1912 nickels. S. mint. We buy for cash premiums all rare coins, bills and stamps to 1912—all rare cents to dollars. Send now 4c. Get our large coin circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

POSTCARDS

10 SOLDIER LOVERS POSTCARDS, ATtractive designs, beautifully colored, postpaid. 10c. Carolina Card Co., Linville, N. C.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO HABIT CURED BY HARMLESS recipe. Sent free. Superba Co., FA, Baltimore, Md.

MISCELLANEOUS

ABSOLUTELY FREE, A BEAUTIFUL WIDdlefield piano. Send ten cents for our book containing 35 national patriotic songs set to music. Full particulars will be sent free about the free piano. Warren Piano Company, Warren, Pa.

SHOW YOUR PATRIOTISM. WEAR A U. S. A. pin. Satisfaction guaranteed. 10c coin. Peerless Co., Bedford, Ind.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS. MAKE THEM yourself. Cost trifling. Delicious, Nourishing. Make money selling to friends. I teach you! C. Wallen, 22 Quincy, Chicago.

PERSONAL

GET MARRIED QUICK, BEFORE YOU are too old. "Paradox," 21 years old offers big selection of ladies and gentlemen, many wealthy and handsome, improve yourself by corresponding with opposite sex, all parts of world. Biggest, best, cleanest, oldest correspondence paper. Free copy. "Paradox," Dept. X-48, Berwyn, Ill.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE THE SPECIAList will obtain his latest book on symptoms and cure for varicocele, stricture and urinary diseases. Every man should have it; postage 4 cents. Send today. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MARRY. YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON a postal will bring you full particulars concerning thousand of wealthy and attractive ladies desiring early marriage. Write quick. Sincere Club, B 520, Valley, Nebr.

MARRY RICH. BE HAPPY AND PROSPERous. Big list of descriptions and photos of congenial people with means free. Sealed, confidential. Either sex. Standard Club, Box 607, Grayslake, Ill.

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN; REmember we cure chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

WOMEN—FREE CATALOGUE, SEND 2 cents. Hundreds toilet and sanitary articles, personal and family use; our specialty rubber gloves. L. T. Kinney & Co., 56 East Randolph St., Chicago.

PILES—EVERYBODY SUFFERING PILES, fistula, fissures, ulcerations, constipation, bleeding, itching, write free trial. Positive painless pile cure. S. U. Tarney, Auburn, Indiana.

MEN, COIN MONEY. SELL PICTURES MEN like. Set of 12 and terms, 50c. 3 sets $1.00. ½ set 25c. Paris Art Co., B, Kalamazoo, Mich.

MARRY IF LONELY; HUNDREDS RICH wish marriage; confidential; reliable; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, Calif.

SOME REAL, ACTUAL PHOTOS AND many selected descriptions, mostly sweet Southern girls. Postage 2c. Sunny South Club-E, Winston-Salem, N. C.

HORSE TRADERS SECRETS. HOW TO detect horse jockeys tricks. Get posted. Send stamp for book circular. William Bivins, B-500, Eminence, New York.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANTing introductions. Booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D., Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY: THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO marry at once. Worth $1,000 to $100,000. All ages. Write quick. Peoples Club, Box 4, San Diego, Cal.

REAL PHOTOS—BATHING GIRLS, ARTists' models, lovely women in striking poses. Sample and catalog, 10c. B. W. Shaw, 44 Boylston St., Boston.

RELIABLE CLUB ESTABLISHED 11 YEARS. Large list wealthy members. Confident descriptions free. Mrs. Wrubel, 732 Madison, Oakland, Cal.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBlication for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 45 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

GET MARRIED; LARGE, HANDSOMELY illustrated matrimonial magazine mailed free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE NEW HYgienic Bath Powder. Royal Bath Balm Co., Dept. A., Little Falls, N. Y.

WIDOW: WORTH $70,000, LONELY, ANXious to marry at once. Write E. C., 945-19th St., San Diego, Cal.

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $2.50 each Agate Line; for Classified, 30 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

5,000,000

READERS WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

Many a sharp retort is made in blunt language.

Women pause to reflect—when they see a mirror.

A curtainless house may have shades if it's haunted.

Borrowed money soon begins to look like borrowed trouble.

An eccentric woman is one who prefers comfort to style.

Some men never use kind words if there is a club handy.

When fame comes to the average man it roosts upon his monument.

A politician never forgets his place if he is appointed to a good one.

When a man is in love for the first time he thinks he invented it.

Three square meals a day constitute a satisfactory board of health.

Most men would rather borrow than be caught begging or stealing.

No, Cordelia, thinking caps weren't made especially for bald heads.

Nothing succeeds like success unless it is the way some failures fail.

If a man finds marriage a failure he can put it all in his wife's name.

Success in any enterprise consists largely in knowing when to quit.

Don't be stingy with kind words. They are worth nothing till you scatter them about.

Many a man who isn't quite sure of the Bible has unlimited faith in the almanac.

Never lend money to a stranger. If you must have financial transactions with him, borrow.

Why hurry to reach the top of the ladder if you are going to fall off when you get there?

It takes the moon two weeks to get full and two more weeks to get over it. Men are different.

If your heart prompts you to do a good deed, do it immediately before you have heart failure.

"Know thyself" is all right as a proverb, but some men who know themselves do not know much.

It is easier to make a mountain out of a molehill than it is to convince some people that they are wrong.

A sensible girl has misgivings about a man who is addicted to the free and unlimited coinage of compliments.

Many a man's failure is due to his having wasted his time envying the success of his neighbor's strenuous efforts.

Occasionally a married man does a lot of talking when he is away from home—because that is about the only chance he gets.

Home and Health

FASHION NOTES.

Many Spanish notions are seen in the new millinery.

Nearly all the new coats are loosely belted in front.

Foulard is used a great deal in making summer frocks.

The newest outfit for spring is the frock and the short coat.

A gray military cape lined with yellow is immensely fetching.

Golden bronze is one of the new colors introduced in suits and frocks.

Keeping up with sweaters is a serious proposition. A new model is made of two colors, one above and the other below the waist line. Sometimes a wide decorative band is used at the bottom.

If we have wool and silk jersey, why not wool taffeta? The new material so far is only made into separate skirts, and for that purpose is very successful. It has all the crisp style of taffeta, but the softness of a thin wool fabric.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Place pieces of flannel or of blotting paper between fine china plates. This will prevent them from being scratched.

To remove creases from clothes that have been packed away, rig up a line in the bathroom, let the hot water run till the room is full of steam, let the clothes hang for an hour, then dry in the open air and press on the wrong side.

Dry bread crumbs will clean cretonne, chintz or any similar material when one fears that the colors will run. The crumbs may be either tied in a piece of strong muslin or used loosely, a large handful at a time. Chair covers that are not removed may be cleaned beautifully in this way.

The best way to wash curtains is to shake them as nearly free from dust as possible and soak them over night in a tub half full of tepid water in which half a pound of pure soap has been dissolved. In the morning squeeze them fairly dry and place them in a tub half full of very hot water to which a tablespoonful of borax and enough dissolved soap to make a strong suds are added. When they seem clear, after splashing them about in the water, rinse them thoroly until there is no trace of suds or dirt. Then squeeze them dry. Let them dry thoroly before starching.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

A row of featherstitching will make conspicuous a deep tuck run around the bodice of a gown to simulate a jacket effect. There are many ways for the woman handy with her needle to add embroidery to her costumes and gain that individual touch which enables her to stand apart from the mass of people.

A kimono nightgown is the most simple to make and can readily be fashioned without a pattern. Fold the crepe crosswise in the center (three yards of material will be sufficient) and cut a square or circular neck in the middle of the fold. Cut out a triangular piece nine inches from the fold, thus forming short sleeves. This piece is not wasted, but sewed to the bottom of the skirt as a gore. Make French seams; hem, face the neck and sleeves and the gown is ready for a bit of trimming. Beading and lace around neck and sleeves with a narrow ribbon for a draw string is all that is necessary. A flowered crepe with colored ribbon to match will make a very pretty gown, and the actual work of making it can be accomplished in a very short time.

RECIPES.

VEAL BALLS—Eight ounces of cold cooked veal, three ounces of bacon fried, two tablespoonfuls of cream, three ounces of grated roll, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, pepper and salt. Pass the meat and bacon twice thru the mincing machine. Stir grated roll into cream, add egg, salt, pepper and parsley and, lastly, the meat, mixing all thoroly. Form into balls the size of a nut, boil for five minutes in soup and serve hot.

MARGUERITE PUDDING—Take one egg, its weight in fresh butter, flour and bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of jam, one of marmalade, half a teaspoonful carbonate of soda. Beat well the egg, add the dissolved butter and crumbs, flour, jam and marmalade, and the soda last of all, stirring briskly. Butter a basin, pour in the mixture, tie it down with a buttered paper and steam for an hour and a half, turn out and serve with sweet sauce.

COCOA CAKE—Cream together one-half cup of butter and one and one-half cups of sugar, then add two eggs beaten light, one cup of milk and two teaspoons of baking powder sifted with two and one-half cups of flour. Bake in layer tins. For the frosting and filling place in a bowl one and one-half cups of confectioner's sugar and one tablespoon of butter, pour over these three tablespoons of strong hot coffee, add one and one-half tablespoon of powdered cocoa and beat the mixture hard. Flavor with vanilla.

POTATOES.

With roast meats serve potatoes mashed or roasted in the pan with the meat.

With fricasseed meats serve baked potatoes.

Serve potatoes plain boiled only when new.

With boiled steak serve creamed potatoes and a crisp fried vegetable like egg plant.

With roast pork serve baked potatoes, a green vegetable and a sour apple sauce.

With roast beef serve potatoes baked in the pan and a sweet watermelon or peach pickle.

Any vegetable harmonizes with beef.

With roast chicken serve mashed potatoes, onions and a sour jelly.

With roast lamb serve mashed potatoes, green peas or string beans, and a mint sauce.

For dinner salads use only the simple green salads, with French dressing.

$62.95 For $80.00 Buggy

Save money by buying direct from the factory

Wardway National Buggy

—made with Sarven patent, selected hickory wheels—every detail high-grade. Worth $80.00. Guaranteed satisfactory or your money back. Send for description of all kinds of buggies and vehicles—FREE. Address house nearest you.

Montgomery Ward & Co. Dept. Y 384

New York Chicago Kansas City Ft. Worth Portland, Ore.

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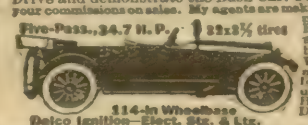

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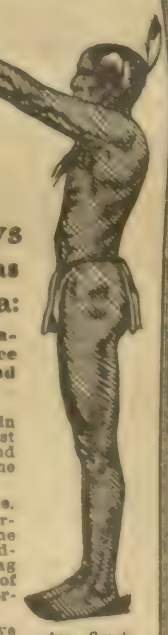

Lone Scout Indian

MEMBERSHIP BADGE

FIRST DEGREE BADGE (Bronze)

SECOND DEGREE BADGE (Bronze)

THIRD DEGREE BADGE (Silver)

In 81 Weeks 185,111 Boys have taken the following pledge as members of Lone Scouts of America:

"I pledge my allegiance to my flag and the nation for which it stands, with liberty and justice for all. I will 'Do a Useful Thing Each Day,' and be worthy of the name, Lone Scout."

The Lone Scouts of America was incorporated in Washington, District of Columbia, in 1915. At the first meeting of the incorporators, by-laws were adopted and W. D. Boyce was elected Chief Totem. The first Lone Scout took the pledge on October 25, 1915.

1 The Lone Scouts of America is for all wide-awake, ambitious boys everywhere. Any boy who can understand the pledge is eligible to membership. The pledge is so worded as to make the organization world-wide, including any boy living under some other flag than the United States flag. The Lone Scouts of America encourages patriotism, but is not a military organization in any sense.

2 The purpose of the Lone Scouts of America is to give the boys all the advantages of the Boy Scout movement (which was started in the United States by W. D. Boyce, Chief Totem of the Lone Scouts) while permitting them to operate alone if it is not convenient for them to belong to Tribes. Woodcraft and Scouting are only a part of the instructions. The Lone Scout motto is: "Do a Useful Thing Each Day." Every boy who lives up to this motto is going to be a successful man.

3 There are no membership dues or fees to pay; no expensive equipment for boys or their parents to buy. The Lone Scouts of America is not a money-making proposition. The organization is supported by the sale of its weekly magazine, "Lone Scout," in which instructions are given the Scouts. "Lone Scout" is sold by news agents for 3 cents a copy. Subscription rates, 25 cents four months, 75 cents a year.

4 As a member progresses in his Scout work he is awarded Degrees with appropriate Badges, and these Degrees make up Lodges. Badges of the first three Degrees (Tepee Lodge) are shown on the left. After the Tepee Lodge comes the Totem Pole Lodge. A member in this Lodge is entitled to put up a Lone Scout Totem Pole, upon which is placed a record of his Degrees.

5 In applying for membership, fill out the Application Blank given below, and send it with 2-cent stamp.

W. D. BOYCE, Chief Totem,
500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

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APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP C

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Date 1917

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The Boy Woodsman
Or, The Mill Guard
By Milford Merrill

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CHAPTER XV.

AMOS recognized the two men as they halted on the front step, the shorter of them rapping on the door with his bare knuckles. This man was heavily built, with a ruddy face fringed with closely cropped gray beard. *He was Randolph Strake of Saginaw, one of the heaviest pine land dealers in the West, a man who was known to be unscrupulous in his dealings. His companion was Andrew Studfield!*

On the instant Amos remembered his conversation with Cave Wickett on the night of the assault on the boom. The boy had no love for Studfield, who he believed had been the means of stirring up much mischief in the little settlement of Cedar Pond in the past, and who was no doubt capable of doing other disreputable things in the future.

The lumberman's rap was answered by Mrs. Rand.

"My husband is around somewhere," replied the little woman in answer to a request from Strake to see the Major. "Perhaps he is at the mill. Please come in; I will look for him."

The two entered. Amos whistled, going over to look at the horses which had been tied to a tree in the yard. They were splendid animals, worthy of being driven by a prince of the blood.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the boy, as he fondled the glistening neck of one of the fine animals. "I wish we could afford such dandy horses."

He heard his mother's voice calling "Isaac," and soon decided that his father was not in or about the house. A sudden idea entered his brain, which he carried into effect by going at once into the house. He found the two callers in the small parlor.

"Why, Amos, how are you, my boy?"

Mr. Studfield at once rose and extended his hand. Feeling that it was best to play the diplomat, the boy accepted the token of friendship.

"I heard about how you got away with those fellows who attempted to cut your father's boom," went on the tallow-faced man. "I told Mr. Strake that Major Rand had a son who would more than fill his father's shoes when he grew up. Mr. Strake, here's that chip of the old block I told you about 'tother day—Amos Rand."

"Glad to meet you, my boy," grunted big Mr. Strake, without offering to shake hands, for which Amos was thankful. He knew that Studfield was playing into the hands of speculators, and rated him accordingly. Of course it was plain to the millboy that Randolph Strake was here to get the best of Major Rand in a land trade.

"How'd you like to live in town, Amos?" queried Studfield.

"I expect to some time," answered the boy.

"The sooner the better, I take it."

"Oh, I'm not so fast as all that," declared Amos, quickly. "I like it here at Cedar Pond all right for the present. When father makes his pile out of pine lumber then we'll all move to Chicago and live among the highups."

"Counting chicks before hatching," sneered portly Randolph Strake.

"No harm, is there?" from Amos.

"Possibly not. What gave you such high ideas, young man?"

"My belief in the future prospect of great values in pine," said our young hero, with a confident smile. He was resolved to keep sweet as long as the enemy did not show the cloven hoof.

"Boys and women are about on a par," laughed Studfield.

"By that you mean?" Strake glanced at the speaker inquiringly.

"In business matters, of course," explained the tallow-faced man. "Now, men of good sense are getting out of this pine business, investing their money thus realized in city lots or rich prairie farm lands. You ought to know that, Mr. Strake."

"I don't think you try to flatter me, Andrew," drawled the portly landowner. "I have bought up half the pine in Saginaw country, and I'm going to hold it, too."

"Which shows you've a level head," nodded Amos, looking wise. "I have talked with father, and I think he is also wise."

"Ah," rasped Randolph Strake, eying the stalwart son of the Major keenly. "For a boy you seem to be quite intelligent. Advising dad to hold on to this pine, eh?"

"Well, you say yourself, sir, that is what you mean to do."

"Oh, with me it's different," wheezed the big man, clearing his throat. "There's ten times the immediate profit in farms and city lots. This pine business is a problem. No man can tell exactly how it will end up—maybe in the ruin of every man who holds on."

"Yet you say you expect to hold on, Mr. Strake."

"I said so, but I was spoofing. Truth of the matter is, I am getting rid of my pine land as fast as I can realize cash for it. You understand, young feller, that hard dollars are hard to get at the present time. I am not selling on time, simply for the reason that I fear the buyer will never be able to realize enough to make his payments. Times are getting tighter every day. Haven't you heard your dad say that, Master Rand?"

"Something like it, I admit."

"Spot cash ought to be a temptation for a man situated as the Major is."

"Why, how do you mean?" queried Amos. "I think my father can hold what he's got without any trouble; and I want to tell you, Mr. Strake, that if you expect to buy any of dad's pine you'll lose out—he won't sell."

"Eh? Did he tell you that?"

"It is sufficient for me that he has only recently bought the biggest tract. He didn't buy to sell when times are hard. He got it at Government price; you'll have to double that to make him even think of selling."

"Humph!" ejaculated the big man.

At this moment Amos, glancing thru the window, saw his father approaching from the direction of the mill. Excusing himself, the boy sprang up and quitted the room, meeting his father outside.

"Who's come, Amos?" asked the lumberman, noticing the vehicle.

"Randolph Strake and Mr. Studfield."

"Studfield? I don't think I have met him. I know Strake, tho," answered his father, frowning.

"Say, father, don't let those fellows get the start of you. They want to buy land, and they'll use big arguments to show that it is for your interest to sell to them."

"Well, now, don't worry, my son," laughed the mill owner.

He passed on inside, while Amos turned his steps toward the mill. As he was passing the boarding-house the tall foreman came out, whistling a tune that had been made to serve a backwoods lumber song.

"Hello, Amos! Going where?"

"No place in particular, Mr. Waybark."

"Come into the woodshed a minute; I've an ax to grind."

Amos did as requested. The foreman produced his ax, Amos seating himself on a box, turning the grindstone.

"Got company to your house, eh?" finally said Waybark.

"Well, no, not exactly company. Pine land buyers, I reckon."

"Does the old man really think of selling any of his pine, Amos?"

"I don't know why he should, sir."

"Nor I. But the times are mighty close, and very few of the men in the mill business are making a cent."

The sound of steel against stone boomed along for some silent minutes. At length the ax was sufficiently sharp to suit its owner, who set it aside, turning to the boy who still sat on the box.

"I wish I could see the old man for a few minutes," remarked Mr. Waybark.

"You can after those fellows go away," said Amos.

"Oh, yes, but then it may be too late."

"Why too late, sir?"

"I meant about this pine deal. I know Randolph Strake."

Anson Waybark sat down on a block of wood, crossing his legs; picking a sliver from the board wall, he chewed it thoughtfully.

"I imagine my father knows his business, Mr. Waybark," Amos ventured at length. "Of course he won't sell.. Why, it's been only a few months since he bought all this last pine."

"True; but evil times are brewing."

"What do you mean?"

The big foreman smiled grimly.

"I don't wish to excite your alarm, boy, but you must have noticed some extraordinary doings around Cedar Pond during the past month."

"Well," agreed Amos, "there has been something doing most of the time all the spring. I lost at least half a dozen steel traps which I think the Indians swiped. Also there was a big powwow over the loss of several barks of sugar. And to think that the rascals—the trap-thieves, no doubt—had the cheek to lay the theft of the sugar to you, Mr. Waybark. That took the cake by a good ways. I was indignant as possible——"

"I know you were, Amos, and I thank you for it," said the man, with glistening eyes. "Well, all these troubles meant something; and they worried your mother almost to death. That was for a purpose."

"My idea exactly, sir."

"This Andrew Studfield stirred up trouble."

"I agree with you there, Mr. Waybark."

"And this sallow-faced Studfield is an emissary of Randolph Strake, perhaps others in the pine land business. Putting two and two together leads me to the conclusion that these men were bent on frightening the Rands into selling out their holdings along the Muskegon."

The speaker paused, whittling rapidly.

"Well, sir, you have confirmed my own suspicions!" exclaimed Amos, springing to his feet. "I must go home and see what these men are up to now. I wish you'd have spoken to father about this, Mr. Waybark."

"I did drop a hint," said the foreman, "but your dad seemed to think it was not my put in, so I kept quiet after that. But I don't want to see these sharks swallow Major Rand whole, and that's why I am speaking to you, Amos. I know I can trust a boy who stands foursquare to all the winds that blow. I leave you to put the old man wise."

"I'll do that, sir, and thank you awfully for speaking."

Amos ran out of the woodshed, turning abruptly toward his own home. Madge stood on the steps as he passed, but he did not even notice the girl, so wrought up was he over what the foreman had suggested.

Strake and Studfield were coming out as Amos approached the house.

"All right, Major Rand," Strake was saying. "We'll be on hand tomorrow to make out the papers. Good-by."

CHAPTER XVI.

"SO LONG, Master Amos," called Studfield, waving his hand toward the millboy, as he and Strake drove away.

This from the man who had been rubbed with nettles rather angered our boy hero. The fellow seemed determined to eat humble pie, to pretend great friendliness. Of course, if this had been real good will on the part of the tallow-faced man, it would have pleased Amos, but he could not help the belief that it was all done for a purpose Once the speculators got their hands on the rich pine lands bordering Cedar Pond, the Major, his wife and son, could whistle for aught they cared.

Major Rand had gone out when Amos stepped thru the door. The boy went to the kitchen, where he found his mother, moist-eyed, yet seemingly happy at her work.

"It's all over but signing the papers, Amos," she said.

"And has father gone and agreed to sell his holdings around Cedar Pond?" cried the boy, hotly.

"Yes, Amos, and I am glad of it."

"Oh, mommer!"

Our hero went and sat down near the back window. His feeling quite overcame him for the time. Young as he was, he realized that his parents were about to make a grave mistake, which could not be repaired by a lifetime of regrets.

Amos had great faith in Anson Waybark. He had much good reason for this confidence in the foreman's judgment. He had heard the man tell of his early life, before his marriage. Waybark had been one of the early gold-seekers in California. He had crossed the Isthmus, had worked early and late among the mines, met with many adventures, and had made a small fortune, most of which was lost when the ship in which he sailed for home went down in a storm.

Amos loved to listen to these stories of adventure, had even wished many times that he might experience some of a similar nature. When Waybark had assured him that the pine woods of Michigan were more valuable than all the gold in California, the boy held his breath and listened, every sense on the alert.

His father had purchased over two thousand acres of standing white pine, at Government price, which at that time was ten shillings an acre. Most of this public land was now gone. Once the Major parted with his there would be no more purchasable at any price

The anxiety evinced by Randolph Strake and his tool Studfield was because of this fact. The Major had got to the land office less than six hours ahead of Strake, thus getting one of the last as well as the best stands of pine in the State. And now Mr. Rand had agreed to sell to these men.

"Mother, did you induce him to sell?"

Amos turned, dry-eyed yet worried, to meet his mother's gaze.

"I induce Isaac to sell? Well, no, I guess not," answered the woman in slow, uncertain tones. "At least he would sell later if not now. I think it best to strike while the iron is hot, don't you?"

"Just what do you mean, mother?"

"Why, the pine lands are going down in price every day. If we don't sell now we may not have another chance very soon—and I do want so bad to go East and see the folks."

"Couldn't you go East without dad's selling his property, mother?"

"I'm afraid not. Anyway, he would want to come back here again, and that wouldn't suit me at all. I just hate the old woods!"

Amos saw that there would be little chance to change the minds of his parents. He walked about the room, whistling dismally.

"What is the trouble, my boy?" suddenly asked the mother. "Do you like to live here in the woods all your life? Don't you care to see civilization and have a chance to look about in the world?"

"Why, of course I want to see the world, mommer!" cried our boy hero, going suddenly to his mother's side, throwing an arm over her slender shoulders. "But I don't want to see you and dad sacrifice all you've got for the purpose of getting out of the woods."

"Oh, we shan't do that, Amos."

"But that's what it'll amount to, mommer. Listen. Of course there isn't much doing in pine just now. Lumber is low, the times are hard, and all men in business have to cut corners; but if we hold on to this pine it'll make us all rich some day."

"Not in my day, Amos," sighed the mother.

"Don't you think so for a minute!" cried the boy, remembering what Anson Waybark had told him—more gold in pine than in all California mines! "The millionaires of tomorrow are the poor pinelanders of today."

Amos spoke with the wisdom of a far-seeing man. He had imbibed many of his ideas from Mr. Waybark, whom, next to his father, the boy regarded as the one great personage of the neighborhood. If the foreman saw money and future wealth to holders of pine land Amos saw it in the same way also.

Perhaps the lad wondered why his father was not as farsighted. The boy did not know that his father was considerably in debt on his last purchase, having borrowed the money to go into the deal; there was also a mortgage on the mill property, now almost due, with nothing in sight to meet the incumbrance.

Major Rand had been sorely tempted by the speculators, who offered spot cash for his pine, and at twice the price he had paid. It really seemed a splendid bargain. Like some of the most intellectual men of that new country, the Major failed to pierce the future and see the many millions that lay in wait for the men who had the sand to invest their money and sit back and wait.

"There'll be no trouble about your going East for a visit," declared Amos, "even if father doesn't sell. It won't take very much money for that, you know. I can let you have my fur money to help out."

"How much have you got, Amos?" smiled the little mother, thankful that her boy was so thoughtful of her comfort.

"I haven't sold all of it yet," he assured her, "but there'll be around forty dollars, anyhow—that'll help some."

"Yes, it would help some," admitted the little mother, "but I hope you don't think I'd take a cent of it for my use, my boy."

"Oh, yes, you would, mommer," assured Amos. "I'll make you take it if father is short. You might pay it back some time if you wanted to."

"Yes, when I get to be a wealthy lady," laughed Mrs. Rand.

"Oh, that time's sure to come—yes, I'll wait till then for my pay."

Amos was anxious to get down to business. After this light badinage he asked a good many questions, learning that Randolph Strake and a partner would re-

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turn the next day and make out the proper papers for the transfer of the Rand pine lands to them.

"Did you agree to sign the deed, mommer?" eagerly asked Amos.

"As for that, nobody asked me," she replied; "but if Isaac says so I shall do it, of course. He thinks he is making a good bargain."

"You have father's best interests at heart; haven't you, mommer?"

"What a question! Of course I have."

"Then you'll not sign that deed when they ask you tomorrow."

Mrs. Rand looked troubled.

"I don't see why you are so set against this, Amos," the woman said very soberly. "I am sure it will be much better for you to quit the woods and go where more people live, where you can have the society of nice boys and girls; also high school privileges if you like. Wouldn't it be fine to feel that we were once more in the world instead of being buried alive in the backwoods, our only neighbors wild Indians and worse white men?"

His mother seemed disposed to argue the point. Amos felt that he was losing ground. He spoke up at length.

"It's all very nice, mommer, but I can't feel that you and my father ought to sacrifice such a chance for making a fortune as you have for an immediate shifting back to the East. No progress would be made if the young folks of the old States did not emigrate West. Now that we are here, let us stay till we can go with our pockets lined with money.

"I did not think you were so mercenary, Amos."

"I am not mercenary the way you think," declared the boy.

He walked to the window and looked out. His mother's reference to the refined society of the East did not move him. As for girls, where could one be found any nicer than Madge Waybark? Not even in old Boston, he thought. The boys here in the woods were not so bad, either. Cave and Alta were his good friends; even Antoine, for a half-Indian, wasn't to be despised.

Amos believed he had done his best, refusing to argue with his mother longer. If the mill and standing pine were sacrificed for a song, he should not be to blame.

"Well, mommer, do as you like, of course, but I tell you right now, I am afraid you and dad will be sorry some day."

With that our hero backed thru the door and was gone. For fully ten minutes after her son's departure Mrs. Isaac Rand stood looking thoughtfully at the door thru which he had passed.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed at length. "I wonder what possesses Amos."

The boy of her thoughts walked, whistling loudly, toward the hill. As he was passing the boarding-house a girl's voice called him. Madge came from the house carrying a pail.

"Going to the spring, Madge?"

"No, I'm taking a roll of butter to Mrs. Tondo, who is ill."

Mrs. Tondo was an old, feeble squaw whose husband had been drowned on the drive some years before. Her only son had run away, and she was left destitute on a little plot of ground down near the river half a mile below Cedar Pond.

"Mayn't I go along, Madge?" asked Amos.

"Yes, if you would like to, Amos. You may be able to do some chores for the poor old squaw. She's getting quite feeble, mamma says."

Our hero liked nothing better than a good walk and visit with the bright young daughter of his revered, wise friend, Anson Waybark, once of California.

He was present the next day when the big timbermen came to get their deed from Major Rand.

Little Mrs. Rand came into the room where the men sat at a table on which were spread the papers.

"You will sign here," said Randolph Strake, pointing at the sheet before him, nodding toward Mrs. Rand.

"Gentlemen," quietly spoke the woman, "you must excuse me, but I have decided not to sign this deed!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE little woman of Cedar Pond had dropped a bombshell. It fell with startling force on the brains of the two speculators from the Saginaw Valley. Strake grunted, then laughed.

"Very nice of you, Mrs. Rand," said he, with one big index finger still resting on the deed before him. He rose slowly to his feet, coughed, and bowed. "Not intentional, I assure you, madam. Sit right down here and sign on this line, please."

"But I just said I should not sign," uttered Mrs. Rand, compressing her lips.

"Oh, a little pleasantry, of course," laughed big Randolph Strake. "I understand all that. My wife stands on her dignity at times. She wants me to understand that she is fully half of the house." The speaker looked at the Major, whose face exhibited blank surprise.

Amos interlaced his fingers, muttering "Jiminy" under his breath.

He had expected his mother to sign, had in fact made up his mind to be satisfied with the sacrifice of the splendid holdings of his father, when this unexpected bomb was exploded before them all.

With a look of outraged womanhood Mrs. Rand turned her back on the speaker and marched from the room, closing the door behind her with a bang.

"Well, well!" remarked the second man.

"Confound it, sir, what does this mean?" demanded portly Randolph Strake, turning to Major Rand, fire of anger in his red-lidded eyes. "Have you brought my partner and me here to perpetrate a practical joke?"

"No, sir, nothing of the kind," returned the Major. "Sit down, Mr. Strake, and I'll see what I can do."

Major Isaac Rand followed his wife from the room, his perplexed countenance proclaiming that he was as much in the dark as the others over his wife's actions.

"Bully for mother!" exclaimed Amos.

"What's that, young man?" roared Strake, glaring angrily at the boy.

"I say I'm glad mother had sand enough to do it," chuckled Amos.

"Sand enough!" again roared the big speculator. "Aren't you ashamed to speak like that of your mother, young man?"

Amos sprang up and would have followed both parents from the room had not Strake objected.

"You stop right here, young feller," commanded Strake, reaching after the boy. "Come back here and sit down. I've got a bone to pick with you. Mr. Studfield told me all about Major Rand's upstart of a son—a chap that's wiser than his dad. Sit down, I tell you."

"I shall do as I like about that."

"Of course you will," laughing. "You'll like to sit down when I tell you what I have to propose."

Amos hesitatingly came back to his chair. He was not fully decided what course it was best for him to pursue. He wanted to go and stand by his mother during the ordeal he knew his father would subject her to, yet he wanted also to keep his eye on the two men who, he felt, were intent on getting the best of a bargain with his father.

"That's right," as Amos resumed his seat. "Now tell me why your mother refused to sign this paper?"

"I can't do that, sir."

"You mean you won't?"

"I mean what I said," declared Amos. "Till she refused I never suspected her intention. Now I know that her intentions are for the best. I advised her not to sign, of course."

"Why 'of course'?"

The keen, half-hidden eyes of the speaker regarded the millboy sharply, as if he would search his inmost thoughts.

"You know all about it, sir."

"Beg pardon, but I do not."

"You want me to tell you what I think?"

"I'd be pleased to have you do that."

"All right. I am satisfied that you expect to make a fortune at the expense of my father. This pine of his is worth treble what you are paying for it. I told mother this, and it seems that she has come to that way of thinking herself. I hope dad'll not convince her to the contrary. Anything more, sir?"

"No, by gob, no!" snorted Randolph Strake, unable to restrain his anger. "Boys like you are too smart for their age. You need a strait-jacket, and that's what you'd get if I was your father."

"I am thankful that you're not my father."

Amos stood up as the door opened admitting Mr. Rand alone. The heart of the boy gave a jump of happiness when he saw that his mother had refused to return. This meant that the land trade was off for the day, at least.

"Has the madam gone back on you, Mr. Rand?" grimly asked Strake, his face exhibiting signs of chagrin and anger.

"I shall not ask her to return here," said Mr. Rand, in an unsteady voice. "She has passed thru a very trying experience during the past few weeks, which I fear has affected her nerves. You gentlemen must excuse her for the day."

"Tomorrow then?"

"No, we will say about a week from tomorrow. I have no doubt that when she gets over her present agitation she will sign the deed, but today it is out of the question."

"I would suggest," spoke up the man who accompanied Mr. Strake, "that it may be our presence that has ruffled the lady's nerves. Now, suppose you take the paper in to her. With nobody by but her husband, perhaps she will not decline to place her name under her husband's, as we desire."

"I never thought of that," from Strake.

Amos glanced uneasily at his father. Would he fall into this latest trap sprung by the enemy? The boy was relieved when his father declined to act on the man's uncalled for suggestions.

"We shall have to postpone this little matter for the present," declared the lumberman. "If you care to come here again in about a week there may possibly be something doing. In any event, I shall make no promises."

With this decision of the Major the two wily speculators were forced to be content. They assumed an air of injured innocence, trying to convince Mr. Rand that he had not acted quite on the square with them.

"I have to defer to my wife in some things," said the mill owner. "This is one which involves her happiness fully as much as my own; therefore I am bound to consider her wishes. I will now bid you good day."

Rather curtly dismissed, the two schemers quitted the house, casting dark looks at "the chip of the old block," who stood before the house with a grin on his face as the twain drove off.

"Bully for mother!" again exclaimed Amos, who, in the exuberance of his feelings, turned several cartwheels across the lawn.

A girl came running toward Amos, holding a bunch of wild flowers in her small brown hand. "Take them in to your mother, Amos," she called, as the boy fetched up standing in front of her.

"They're beauts, Madge—thank you!" cried he, taking the flowers from his girl friend's hand.

"And say, what are you feeling so good about, Amos?"

"Oh, about the way those fellows from Saginaw got left," chuckled the boy. "Where's your daddy, Madge?"

"Gone up to see Blixy on Glare Island."

"What business has he with him, Madge?"

"He's going to pay him for the sugar he got a long while ago. You see, they couldn't make change at the time papa got the sweets. Does Antoine come here any more, Amos?"

"No. I haven't seen the sour half-breed for a month."

"I thought so."

"Well?"

"You know, he kind of sided in with the Indians that time when they made so much fuss about stolen sugar, and I think he hasn't got over being mad at you 'cause you wouldn't let them search our house."

"I wonder if that's so," pondered Amos.

"Yes, it's so," avowed the girl, "for Cave told me so."

"Cave? When did you see him?"

"Just last night."

"That queer chap's about as good as they make 'em, Madge. And he says Antoine Blixy's got his back up about me? All right, I can stand it if he can."

The days wore on. Neither Randolph Strake nor Mr. Studfield returned to Cedar Pond for some time after that. The speculators evidently thought to return the following week would bring no results, so they stayed away.

Major Rand learned from his wife all that Amos had said about the value of pine lands, and he did not upbraid her for refusing to sign the deeds.

"If I can stave off my creditors for a while, I may be able to realize on the spring cut of lumber and not have to part with my land or mill. And you shall have your back East visit all the same, Alida."

"When can I go, Isaac?"

"Oh, soon; say the latter part of June or first week in July."

This announcement put a smiling face on Mrs. Rand. She sang about her work, and blessed her brave boy for his foresight in saving her from deeding away her home and prospects for future wealth.

Toward the latter part of June an incident occurred that put a stay upon the intended Eastern visit of the lumberman's wife.

The mill had purred on and on, cutting a goodly lot of lumber, enlarging the piles on the dock, but sales were slow, and what there were, at such small figures as to cut out all profit.

One evening, as the shadows of a summer night hovered over river and pond, Amos Rand came up the steep hill directly behind the boarding-house and sank panting in the deep grass on the summit. The hill was a hundred feet high and almost perpendicular, a hard climb for the best of athletes.

Not ten yards away was the wood-colored long building where the Waybarks kept the men boarders, and directly in front of Amos Rand's position, as he sank panting into the grass, was the rear basement window. This was open, and pushing cautiously thru it was a human head.

It was too near dark to distinguish faces, but Amos could not help wondering who could be crawling out of the boarding-house cellar in such a stealthy manner. Our hero watched and waited with breathless interest.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this interesting story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

Not every widow calls for help when a man attempts to kiss her. Sometimes it is the man who needs help.

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Catarrh Specialist Sproule made an offer of Free Catarrh Treatment in Boyce's Weeklies last May to all who asked for it. Since then, he has daily received many, many grateful letters.

One man says, "Your treatment worked like magic on me." Another writes, "I am entirely rid of the nasty Catarrh that bothered me for 25 years." And so the letters come, one and all, telling of the benefits received. So impressed has Specialist Sproule been by the gratitude of Boyce's Weeklies readers, that he has decided to make his offer again. On page 12 of this issue, you will find it. Read it all and then send for the Free Treatment. ***

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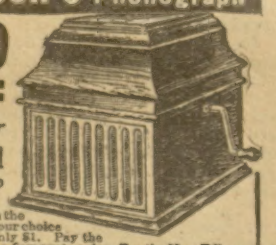

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KNOCKING.

Put the hammer in the locker;
  Hide the sounding board likewise;
Any one can be a knocker;
  Any one can criticise.
Cultivate a manner winning,
  Tho it hurts your face to smile
And seems awkward in the beginning,
  Be a booster for a while.
Let the blacksmith do the pounding;
  That's the way he draws his pay;
You don't get a cent for hounding
  Saint and sinner night and day.
Just for solid satisfaction
  Drop a kind word in the slot,
And I'll warrant you'll get action
  On your effort on the spot.
Kindness every time beats kicking;
  Mirth is better than a frown.
Don't waste your time picking
  Flaws with brothers who are down.
And it isn't so distressing
  If you give a little boost
To the man whom fates are pressing,
  When the chick comes home to roost.

RASTUS REFORMED.

It was in the days "befo' de wah" when flowered hoopskirts filled the land—which they did, indeed—and poke bonnets had their day; when tiny parasols held sway over feminine heads and colored mitts encased the shapely hands of the Southern lady. It was in the land of the locust, the magnolia, the honeysuckle and jasmine. It was the haunt of mocking birds and humming birds and the harbor of four million slaves, for the most part happier than ever before in history.

But, to be exact, it was on Briarly plantation in "de big house" that his satanic majesty Mephistopheles appeared in all his crimson glory to remonstrate with Rastus Ebenezer Xenophon Christopher. The former needs no introduction; the latter was the amiable body servant of Colonel Howard. "Ebony" was as fitting a synonym for Rastus as could well be applied, for he possessed as shiny and black a surface as ebony ever boasted, and he was as passive as that, or any other inanimate object. The other darkies' fearful tales of "hants" never impressed Rastus, and even the dire predictions of his mammy, Ole Aunt Misery, that "de debbil would cotch 'im yet," could not efface the Cheshire cat grin that extended from one flat back ear to the other. It appeared, however, that his favorite maxim was "Nebber trouble trouble till trouble troubles you," for he never sought the apparitions of which he heard, nor gave them much opportunity to find him around groves and creeks after dark.

In his bedroom Colonel Howard and his wife were passing judgment on two costumes that they expected to wear to a masquerade at an adjoining plantation that evening. The Colonel picked up a red suit adorned with horns, and inquired, with evident approval, "Don't you think I shall make a rather good representative?"

"Yes, indeed," acquiesced Mrs. Howard. "You will be in your element in that impersonation. But, really, Colonel, you will look like the old mischief!"

"Then I shall be a success," chuckled Colonel Howard as he folded the costume and laid it in a box, overlooking a pair of red hose that lay on the table.

A short time afterward Rastus entered the bedroom to find and to shine his master's riding boots. With miraculous rapidity he discovered the red silk socks (instinct always seemed to notify Rastus' artistic sense whenever red was to be seen) and with miraculous rapidity he forgot the boots and scurried out of the big house to the negro quarters to display his new treasures to Ole Aunt Misery.

What a reception did mammy give to his overflowing soul! "Rastus, you good-for-nothin' scoundrel! You no 'count nigger, you! I'll teach you to steal from ole Marse! Now, gimme dem fas' as you know how, heah me."

Rastus surrendered his booty to the irate virago into which mammy had been transformed, and under a volley of accusations and mutterings, "De debbil will come after him yit," he retreated to finish polishing the neglected boots.

The day had faded into twilight—the soft, purple, lingering twilight of the South—and night was deepening. Now and then the quaint, weird voices of the slaves, joined in hymns and melodies, were wafted up from their quarters. Old Aunt Misery was admiring her new silk gloves as she waited in the hall for her

Little Boy—"Don't get nervous, lady. He don't bite; he only nibbles."

mistress, whom she always accompanied. Rastus, who was to drive, having grown impatient, had wandered upstairs, when he was met by a babel of sounds from the Colonel's room. He was bewildered by the unusual commotion, and sat down on the top stair to await developments.

Then it was that Rastus saw him! He came like a gust of wind—a dazzling red fury—and headed straight for the spellbound darky, who seemed fascinated as tho held by a snake's eye. It was not until the apparition had nearly reached him and had shouted, "Rastus! You rogue, where are my socks?" that the darky came to realize that "de debbil was comin' to claim his own," as mammy had declared he would, a few hours before. And then Rastus Ebenezer Xenophon Christopher, the brave, the unsuperstitious, plunged down the stairs in headlong haste, capsizing Ole Aunt Misery as he landed.

There he lay, cowering in fear, as Mammy, rising to her knees and peering up the stairs, paid the penalty for her woman's curiosity, when she saw her son's pursuer. She fell moaning and waving her hands above her head in frenzy while "de debbil" confronted her, exclaiming, "That scamp! That thief!" Then she stretched supplicating hands over Rastus' inanimate body, "Oh, Marster Debbil, don' take him! Don' take him!"

Suddenly the majestic Pluto began to laugh, and the laugh swelled into a roar, until the terrified Rastus gained courage to open his eyes and look up. Mammy's eyes, already wide open, began to roll in astonishment, but she still knelt, her hands suspended in the air unconsciously.

"Mammy! Mammy! Where did you get my socks?" demanded the transformed Satan, smiling as benignantly as usual, and speaking in a well-known voice as "Marse Howard" incognito pulled Mammy's gloves off.

Mammy had split the heels of the socks to admit her ponderous thumbs, and had used what were then beautiful red silk mitts to encase her fat hands!

Is it necessary to add that Rastus' views on integrity were not quite so vague as before this experience, and that his assertions as to "jedgment" were authoritative among his associates, until he became the exhorter of the negro quarters—Rastus Ebenezer Xenophon Christopher, reformed?

DOG STORIES.

A poultryman says that a dog is a great help in protecting poultry from thieves. He owns a bull terrier, and the dog is in the habit of going out on the main road and waiting for suspicious persons to pass. When one comes in sight he never makes a sound, but just drops behind and follows with his nose about two inches from the man's legs. The dog never really did anything, but the moral effect of his actions was considerable. "I don't pretend," said the dog's owner, "to know how to train a dog to do that. The terrier picked it up himself. No bark, no rush; he just goes sniffing quietly along behind his suspect."

—

Official recognition by the Postoffice Department has been given to a dog known as "Sam" for his zeal and vigilance in guarding bags of mail at Mount Carmel, Pa. He has a collar, which bears the following inscription, as an appreciation of his services by a grateful Government: "U. S. Mail. Presented to Uncle Sam's Faithful Friend by Albert S. Burleson, Postmaster General, Oct. 25, 1916."

"Sam's" special self-assigned task is the guarding of a parcel post wagon while the carrier is delivering. He never misses a trip. A good friend of "Sam" wrote to Washington and the department was prompt to respond.

THE TERRIER'S FRIEND.

A true story comes from Hudson, Ill., from A. N. Starkey, living on a farm northwest of that village. He owns a collie and a rat terrier. The latter disappeared, and after being searched for was given up for dead. The collie, however, acted very strangely. Immediately after being given food he disappeared and did not return again until the next meal time. Members of the family decided to follow him. They did so, and a half-mile from the house the poor little rat terrier was found, caught in a trap which had been set for mink. The collie had been carrying food in his mouth to his little friend for over a week, and was overjoyed to think help had come to the rat terrier. The latter was very soon released and tenderly carried home to be given proper care. The devotion of the collie was much remarked in that neighborhood.

THE UNLUCKY ONE.

Noticing one of her small boys nibbling at some luncheon in school one day, the teacher called the culprit to the desk. "You know," she began sternly, "that you must not eat during lesson hours. Now, as a punishment, you must stand here in front of the class and eat every bit of it."

The small boy did as he was bid, a curious grin overspreading his face.

The teacher misunderstood that grin until the last scrap had disappeared, when from the class a small voice wailed in tearful accents:

"Please, teacher, that wasn't his lunch he was eatin'—it was mine!"

THE ALARM.

Voice From Above—"Oh, mummie, come up here quick!"

Mother—"What's the matter, Dorothy?"

Voice From Above—"Bobby's playin' circus, and he's goin' to make the baby dive off the mantelpiece into the footbath."

A Coated Tongue? == What it Means

(By Dr. L. C. BABCOCK.)

A bad breath, coated tongue, bad taste in the mouth, languor and debility, are usually signs that the liver is out of order. Prof. Hemmeter says, "The liver is an organ secondary in importance only to the heart."

We can manufacture poisons within our own bodies which are as deadly as a snake's venom.

The liver acts as a guard over our well-being, sifting out the cinders and ashes from the general circulation.

A blockade in the intestines piles a heavy burden upon the liver. If the intestines are choked or clogged up, the circulation of the blood becomes poisoned and the system becomes loaded with toxic waste, and we suffer from headache, yellow-coated tongue, bad taste in mouth, nausea, or gas, acid dyspepsia, languor, debility, yellow skin or eyes. At such times one should take a pleasant laxative. Such a one is made of May-apple, leaves of aloe and put into ready-to-use form by Dr. Pierce, nearly fifty years ago, and sold by all druggists as Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

When run-down, when life indoors has brought about a stagnant condition in the circulation—most everyone is filled with uric acid. This uric acid in the blood often causes rheumatism, lumbago, swelling of hands or feet, or a bag-like condition under the eyes. Backache, frequent urination or the pains and stiffness of the joints and high blood-pressure are also often noticed. I have found that Anuric, double or triple strength, is an antidote for this uric acid poison and that it will rid the body of uric acid much as hot water dissolves sugar.

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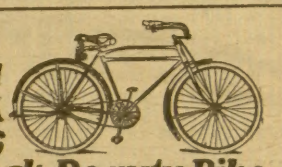

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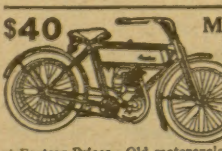

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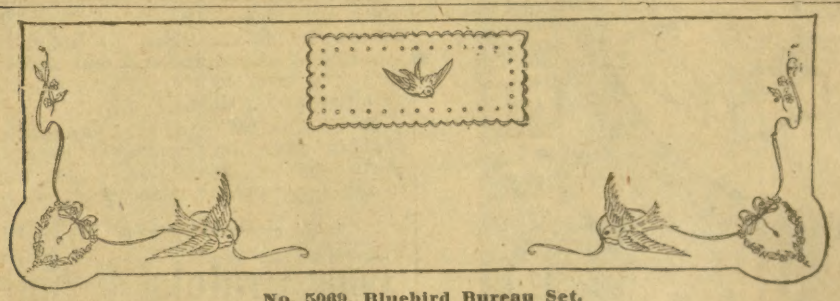

No. 5069, Bluebird Bureau Set.

NO. 5069, BLUEBIRD BUREAU SET.—It is surprising to notice at this season of the year how almost every housewife feels that her supply of bureau covers and pincushions needs replenishing, so here is your opportunity. This bureau set consists of a bureau cover, size 18x52 inches, and a pincushion, size 6x14 inches, to match, both of which are plainly stamped in blue on white linen. We also include in this offer six skeins of embroidery floss for working. This set is given for $1.50 in subscriptions to the Blade and the Ledger.

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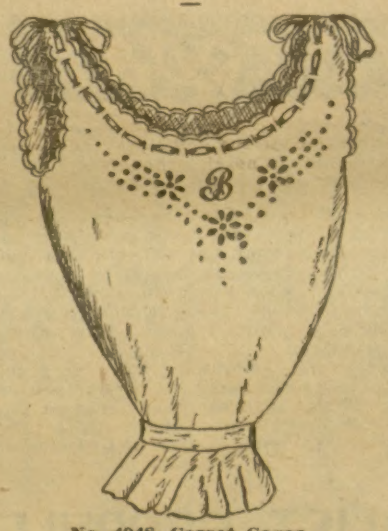
NO. 2005, BABY'S KIMONO—Conventional design, is stamped on white linen. We also include three skeins of cotton floss for embroidering the design. This will be given for $1.00 in subscriptions, new or renewal, to either the Blade or the Ledger.

No. 5071, Child's Dress.

NO. 5071, CHILD'S DRESS—Latest pattern, the design is stamped on 1¼ yards of white lawn or nainsook. We include three skeins of cotton floss for embroidering design. Sent for $1.50 in subscriptions, new or renewal, to the Blade and the Ledger.



No. 4048, Corset Cover.

NO. 4048, CORSET COVER—This modish corset cover is stamped on a fine quality of white nainsook, and we include three skeins of cotton floss for working the design. This will be sent for a year's subscription, new or renewal, $1.00, to the Blade or the Ledger.

NOS. 5061 AND 5062, SMOKER PILLOW TOPS.—LOW TOPS.—If you intend to give a sofa pillow top to your brother or to a friend to help make his room cozy, give him

Nos. 5061 and 5062, Smoker Pillow Tops.

one of these smoker pillow tops, which are tinted in elaborate colors on 17x21-inch tan ticking. You may have your choice of either of these pillow tops, in-

A Long Day.

A retired colonel had been advised by his doctor that if he did not give up whisky it would shorten his life.

"Think so?" asked the Colonel.

"I am sure of it, Colonel. If you will stop drinking I am sure it will prolong your days."

"Come to think of it, I believe you are right about that, Doctor," said the Colonel. "I went twenty-four hours without a drink six months ago, and I never put in such a long day in my life."

We GIVE it to YOU

Take this fine Made-to-Measure Suit and don't pay us one cent for it.

We want you to get one of our high-class suits, absolutely **Free**, so you can show it to your friends. It will be a big advertisement for us. If you have a little spare time, you can easily make from

$35 to $50 EXTRA EVERY WEEK

and **besides** that be the best-dressed man in your town. It's an opportunity you cannot afford to overlook. Don't delay a minute.

Write for this Big Offer at Once

Drop us a line or send us your name on a postal card and we will send you absolutely **Free**, our wonderful style book, containing dozens of samples and fashion plates to choose from. **Write Now.** Everything sent **Free** and **postage prepaid.**

THE PROGRESS TAILORING CO.
Dept. 976, CHICAGO

LADIES $1000 REWARD! I positively guarantee my great Successful "Monthly" Compound. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 6 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $1.50; Double Strength $2.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today. DR. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO. 199 Main St., Kansas City, Mo

A Fine Bed of Fancy, Heavily Fruiting Everbearing Strawberry Plants Is Offered You at Our Expense.

THESE guaranteed **true to name Everbearing Strawberry** plants are just what their name implies and if set in your garden during the spring months will become thoroughly rooted and will bear a heavy crop of fine, big, red, deliciously flavored strawberries all through July, August, September and until stopped by severe freezing weather in late fall of same year

Wonderful Root System

The Everbearing varieties have a much heavier root system than the common sorts, often going into the soil to the distance of a foot and a quarter. This gets the roots down into the moist soil and enables the plants to produce fine large berries right along during **hot, dry** summer weather.

We are glad to help introduce these valuable plants, and if you will accept our offer and fill out the coupon and mail to us at once, we will have our nursery send you the DOZEN ASSORTED EVERBEARING PLANTS at proper time for planting in your locality, and include with them a plant of a new $1,000 variety for good measure on the deal.

THE FARMING BUSINESS,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I inclose **50 cents,** for which send me **The Farming Business** for one year, and as a gift, **a dozen assorted Everbearing Strawberry Plants,** to be sent at the proper time for planting in my locality, and also a plant of a new $1,000 variety.

Name .....

Street, R. F. D.....

City..... State.....

PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**

9367 Chemise Gown 34 to 42 bust.

9431 Blouse with Full Fronts, 34 to 44 bust.
9433 Two-Piece Skirt, 24 to 32 waist.

9374 Princess Apron 34 or 36, 38 or 40, 42 or 44 bust.

9377 Sport's Coat, sizes 16 and 18 yrs.
9371 Box Pleited Skirt, sizes 16 and 18 yrs.

9078 Combination Under-Garment, sizes, 16 and 18 yrs.

9425 Child's Dress 4, 6 and 8 years.

9290 Utility Dress, Apron or Negligee, 34 or 36, 38 or 40, 42 or 44 bust.

9271 Child's Drawers with or without under-waist

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free three pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the three that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making, with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get six coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber send in a dollar and we will send you the three pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these three coupons entitling you to three patterns, fill out the blank below and inclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

.....CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO US.....

THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Inclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. This entitles me to three Pattern Coupons.

NAME .....

Street No. or R. F. D. .....

Box.....Town.....

This is a.....Subscription. State.....
(New or Renewal)

If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number.) **Coupons good for six months.**

Offer of Free Catarrh Treatment

REPEATED

OWING TO THOUSANDS OF REQUESTS

"Please, Specialist Sproule, won't you repeat that offer you made in Boyce's Weeklies some time ago? You have cured me of that loathsome Catarrh, and now I want my friends to have the same glorious results. I bless the day I saw your ad in this paper."

So many, many letters like this, have come to me in reply to my offers of Free Catarrh Treatment, that I have resolved to repeat my offer.

I have been both glad and sad at these letters. Sad because I realized the vast amount of suffering to be relieved and the hopelessness to be overcome; glad because I knew what my treatment would do and that I might be the instrument to bring such joy to the sufferers.

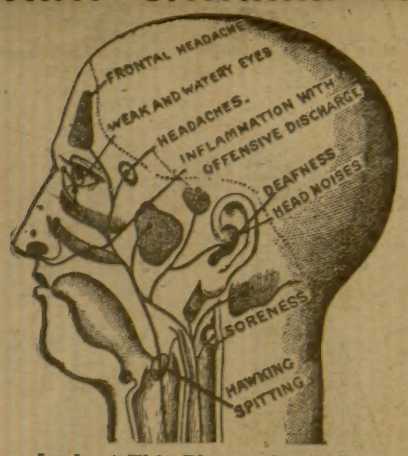
To you who suffer from Catarrh, here is help, freely and gladly offered. Do not think because you have heard that Catarrh was incurable that it cannot be cured. Along with the other 20th century conquests, has come the conquering of a disease, which has rendered life miserable for untold millions.

RESTORED HAPPINESS

Listen to this from Rhodesdale, Maryland: I am still feeling well in every way, shape and form. I am glad that I wrote you concerning my Catarrh, for I feel like a new person since you cured me of that terrible disease. I cannot say too much about what you did for me. I am in the best of health and both looking and feeling fine. I can truly recommend you to anyone who wishes to be cured of Catarrh.
JAMES D. COLLISON.

Wouldn't you like to be in the condition this man is? Here is your opportunity. Send for a Free Catarrh Treatment.

WHAT CATARRH IS



Look at This Picture Carefully

You see those black patches; those are the cavities in the head in which the germs of Catarrh lodge and multiply, until you can see how easily your head becomes a mass of festering sores inside.

Little wonder that your head aches, that your eyes are weak and watery, that the discharge from the nose has the awful odor of decay, of which you are many times unconscious, because the germs have attacked the nerves of smell.

Then follow the picture down; see the ear tubes attacked, with Deafness and Head Noises resulting; then the throat passages with the soreness and scratchiness, and the incessant hawking and spitting of slimy mucus, which is almost unbearable to the onlookers, be they friends or foes of yours.

A TERRIBLE DANGER

And then when you have seen these things, you must stop and think of the germs eating their way into the cells of the lungs, until the Great White Plague—Consumption—has gripped one more victim with its relentless arms.

Moreover, Consumption is not the only deadly disease started by Catarrh; there are others which progress even more insidiously. That horrible mucus which sticks in your throat by day, slowly works its way down when you sleep, and the droppings make their way into the lungs and to the stomach and through the system.

MY NEW 3-FOLD TREATMENT

TO BE GIVEN AWAY AGAIN

Just glance at that picture again and you will see the necessity of a 3-fold treatment, and wonder why it has not been used long before this. When you receive one of these free treatments, you will see how every detail has been carefully worked out, — — how conscientiously every part has been thought out and put together. In brief, if you are a thinking man or woman, you will realize that the 3-fold form is the only proper form for the treatment of Catarrh.

Remember that wherever a mucous membrane, like that which lines the nose and throat, is found, you have a fertile breeding place for Catarrh germs, once they have gained a foothold in the system. Since there are very few spots in the body where this membrane is not found, you can see the risk you run. If you have Catarrh, you need my new 3-fold treatment. It has cured where all others have failed, and what it has done for others it can do for you.

My treatment has been able to attain wonderful results. I have worked over it for the last 30 years. I gave up the position of Surgeon in the British Royal Mail Naval Service to devote myself to the study of Catarrh. That disease has been my specialty, and I am glad indeed to be able to offer to the American people the results of my years of experience. That the treatment has been appreciated, has stirred my heart to the depths, and I am more than glad to make this announcement again — — —

For a short time I will give away, Free, my new 3-fold Catarrh Treatment,

In Response to the Thousands of Requests From Friends of my Cured Patients

SEND FOR IT TODAY

Don't wait but write today. All you have to do is to write a post card or note. Address it to Catarrh Specialist Sproule, 306 Trade Building, Boston. By return mail you will receive one of these free treatments. Seeing is believing. If you have Catarrh, I want to help you—cure you—and this is why I offer to send you a Free Treatment at your request.

I know what it will mean to you to be rid of all your dull headaches and stupid feelings; to breathe clearly and be rid forever of that loathsome mucus in your nose and throat, the repulsiveness of which the Doctor and the well are even more aware than the victim.

Don't suffer with Catarrh—don't walk around with a burden of disease. Just write for my treatment for Catarrh. Remember this is Free. It won't cost you but the one cent for a postal. It is the same offer which I made before, and of which hundreds availed themselves, and are now well.

See those four grateful people in the next column. Wouldn't you give a good deal to be in their shoes? I offer you the means to get there. Get your pen and ink, or a pencil if handy, write your request "Please send me your Treatment for Catarrh Free." Sign your full name and address, and put my address on it. Drop in the mail box, and then as quickly as the post will bring it, you will receive one of these New Treatments which has done so much for so many other Catarrh sufferers. Write today to

CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE

(Graduate Dublin University, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service)

306 TRADE BUILDING, BOSTON, MASS.

IF YOU COULD SEE THE LETTERS—

in my office, in answer to those other offers of mine, you would be surprised and glad. From all over the country, from rich and poor, young and old, have come letters of grateful thanks for the wonderful benefits received. The patients I gained thru that advertisement in your paper, are no longer patients but grateful friends.

Because my heart goes out to those afflicted with Catarrh, and because the testimonials I receive every day convince me more and more that my New Treatment is the one to stem the ravages of the disease, I am making this free offer again, at a great cost of money and time.

Don't hesitate to take advantage of this offer, but write at once. I shall hope to soon add your name to my long list of cured friends.

Four Grateful People

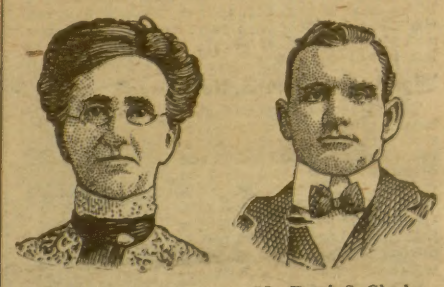
Louis Loeffert — Mrs. H. Lansing Elwood

BETTER THAN FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS

R. F. D. 2, Box 86, St. Charles, Missouri.
My dear Doctor:—
You will be glad to know that I am feeling fine, better than for eighteen years. I had a bad case of Catarrh and I tried many remedies, but none of them helped me. Your treatment CURED me, and I consider the remedies wonderful. I cannot express my thanks plain enough to you. You did your best for me. You cured me and I will never forget you as long as I live. Your friend and patient.
LOUIS LOEFFERT.

ENJOYING THE BEST OF HEALTH

57 Main St., St. Johnsville, N. Y.
Dear Doctor:—
I am still enjoying the best of health and I thank you very much for all the good your treatment did for me. I have no more trouble with my throat, no more hawking up of mucus, none of that tired, run-down feeling I had before you treated me. I know that by taking your remedies in time I was saved much misery, and I shall always be grateful to you for the good health you restored to me.
Very sincerely your friend and patient.
MRS. H. LANSING ELWOOD.



Mrs. Lizzie Carson — Mr. Benj. S. Clarke

WONDERFUL CURE

842 Roach St., Indianapolis, Ind.
My Dear Dr. Sproule:—It seems almost foolish to try to express in words the good that your wonderful remedies have accomplished. After using your treatment I can say that I am well, yes, EXCEEDINGLY WELL, better than I have been for twenty-five years. I could write volumes, if space would allow, for the good you have done for me can never be fully known only to myself. I consider my cure a marvel.
MRS. LIZZIE CARSON.

CATARRH CURED

LETTER FROM BENJAMIN S. CLARKE.
Thurman, Colorado.
"Dear Friend:—I take pleasure in writing you in regard to my case of Catarrh. I feel well and strong. I do not take cold so readily. I have a good appetite and I do not tire with my work now as I did before. I believe your treatment will do all you claim for it. I waited to see if the disease would return but it has not returned. I am perfectly cured to stay cured."

If for any reason you failed to take advantage of Catarrh Specialist Sproule's offer some time ago, don't fail to write for Catarrh Treatment Free, Now. We know the Specialist intimately, and we unhesitatingly recommend him to every one of our readers. Write to him and you will see why his name is a loved household word all over America.